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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

Date of only known edition 1598

(Dyce Collection, S. Kensington.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

1598

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The Virtuous Octavia

By S. Brandon

1598

This facsimile is from a copy of the original and only known early edition in the Dyce collection at S. Kensington. Other copies are in the Bodleian and at Chatsworth.

For biographical details the student is referred to "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The special presentment here made, of the verso and recto pages side by side, is due, as in the case of "Tom Tiler and his Wife" (q.v.), to the obvious desirability of introducing no new sizes into this series—these two plays, one a 16mo. and the other a 12mo., standing alone in this respect.

The reproduction is good and in every way satisfactory.

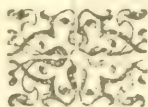
JOHN S. FARMER.

71/a
THE TRA-
GICO MOEDI

of the vertuous
Octavia.

Done by SAMUEL BRANDON.
1598.

Carmen amat, qui, quis carmine digna gerit.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbye,
and are to be sould at his shop
in S. Paules Church-
yarde.

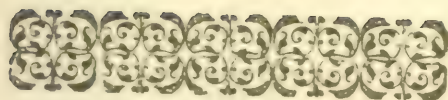


To the right honorable,
and truly vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie LVCIA AYDELAY:
health, honor, happinesse
and heauen.

Rise Phoenix, which your life do sacrifice,
In Vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:
Rich treasure, of heauens best treasures,
In whom worth wisdom honor Vertues shine.
Sdaine not, these artlesse humble lines to view,
With honors eyes let vertues plumes be seend,
That she whose Vertues d.ubled are in you,
By you may scape from Libtinas hand.
Her dying fame, by you may be preserued,
Whiles time, and men, and memory endure:
Your liuing name by her might be reserued,
Did not these lines, too much for worth obscure.
These lines, wherein, if ought be free from blame,
Your noble Genius taught my Pen the same.

A. B.

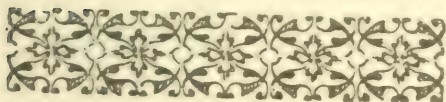
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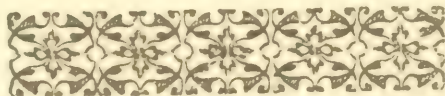
T He Thracian Poet, that reuiu'd his wife,
 Breeding in furies, pittie, and delight;
 Whose fame dooth yet suruiue his shortned life,
 Must honor yeeld to what thou doost indite.
 For he, who oftentimes by Musickes force,
 Did serpents charme, streames stay, and trees remoue:
 In womens mindes, could neuer moue remorse,
 As his Unhappy end doth plainly prooue.
 Wherefore most prais'd be thy praise worthy muse,
 Which farre surmounts the might of antique ages
 Winning that sexs grace, which did refuse
 By hearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.
 Because no musick with their minde accordes:
 But that which Vertues harmonic affords.

MIA.



Prosopoeia al libro.

V Hen barking enuie saw thy birth,
 it straight contemnd the same:
 And arm'd his tongue, to giue a charge,
 thy weaknesse so diffame.
 But seeing honors golden hooke,
 so linckt to vertues lyne:
 He fled away as halfe afraid,
 yet ceast not to repine.
 But feare nor Momus, make returne,
 and haply for thy paine
 Thou must Antonius coullors beare
 when he reuiues againe.
 S. B.





The Argument.



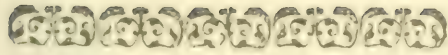
After the death of *Julius Caesar*, & the overthrow of *Brutus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the government of the Romain Empire, remained vnto *Octavius Caesar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sexus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Caesar* and himselfe: tooke to wife *Octavia*, the sister of *Caesar*. *Antony* and *Caesar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armies, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wisdom of *Octavia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Parthians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuiued the

THE ARGUMENT.

the long intermitted loue, he once bare to *Cleopatra* the Queene of *Egypt*: he therefore wholly subiecting himselfe to the desire of this *Cleopatra*: forsaketh his vertuous wife *Octavia*. Wherevpon, his brother *Caesar* disdaining that she should suffer so great an indignitie: maketh warre vpon *Antony*, and ouercometh him, first at *Actium*, and then at *Pelusium*, to the vtter ruine and destruction, both of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Octa-



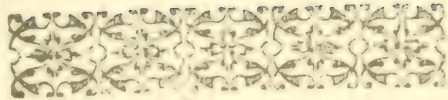
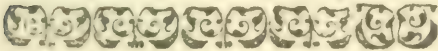


Octauia tragicomcedia.

The stage supposed Rome.

The Actors.

Octavius Caesar who was afterwards called
Augustus.
Octavia the sister of Caesar & wife of Antony.
Mecenas. } Two of the nobles of Octavius
Agrippa. } Caesar.
Camilla. } Romaine Ladies.
Iulia. }
Antones children.
Syllia, a licentious woman.
Tusus. } Consuls.
Plancus. }
Geminus a Captaine.
Byllus nuntius.
Chorus. Romano.



Actus primus.

Octavia. Camilla. Iulia.

Camilla, now me thinkes this golden time,
Inuites our mindes to battie in streames of ioy:
See how the earth doth flourish in his prime,
Whose liuery shewes the absence of annoy.
These woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,
Shew inwarde touche of new conceiued myrthe.
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,
(Free Citizens, euen happy from their birthe)
How they reioyce! and euery senselesse thing,
Euen smiles with ioy: the earth perfumes the ayre,
The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,
And both with ioye, beget these children fayre.
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe:
Giuing each thing his beautie, forme and grace.
Eye-pleasing greene, circle of this our globe,
Great mynour of Apollos youthfull face.
Coulor of life, youthes liuerie, how delight
Dwels still with thee, whiles we, whom reason named
(But falsely namde and if I iudge aright)
Princes of all the rest that nature framed:
Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny;
Slaues to mischance, vassals of fortunes power;
Bearing

The Tragicomædie

Bearing the yoke of endless miserie :
Faile bailes of time which dooth vs all deuoure
Now raile aloft in honors highest seate,
Yet in that height faile short of sweete content,
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere so great,
In gulfe of greefe, which we may not prevent,
Our pleasures, (posting guests,) make but finall stay,
And neuer once looke backe when they are gone:
Where greefes bide long, and leaue such scores to pay;
As make vs bankerout ere we thinke thereon,
Yet this same earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,
Doth say me thinkes in his dumbe eloquence :
Thus shall you spring, amongst heavenly angels plac'd,
Whē deaths cold winter once hath snatcht you hence.
These flowers, do bid vs in their language, read
In beauties bookes, how beautie is most fraile :
Whose youthfull pride, th' vntimely steps doth tread,
To deaths black kingdome, darke obliuions vaile.
These natures quiristers, do plainly say,
Waste thus your time, in setting forth his praise
Who seedes, who clothes, who fills our harts with ioye
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raise.
Thus all their mirth, are accents of our moane :
Their blisfull state, of our vnhappinesse,
A perfect map, where onely we alone,
May see our good, but neuer it possesse.

Cam. Madam, as nature more then perfect is,
And farre more faire, then that we fairest call :
So you as heyre apparant to hir blisse,

Chiefe

of the vertuous Orlani.

Chiefe treasurer of his perfections all ;
Will shew your selfe most wise, and most diuine,
In curious search of her most hidden will;
And following but hir footsteps, yet refine:
The vniuersall secrets of hir skill.
Yet I admire, your Eagle-sighted eye,
Which hath truthe sun-bright cyrcle so well knowne:
In others worthe, discernes each Attonic,
Forgetfull most, of what is most your owne.
These other creatures, haue their properties,
Which shew, their Syre no niggard of his store,
But such great gifts our mindes immortalize,
As proude ambitious selfe, can wish no more.
And you, great Ladie, whose high honor flies,
With vertues wings, in admirations ayre:
Towering, an Eagles pyche, aboue the skies,
Where vulgar thoughts, are seded in despaire;
You, whose designs, haue put out enuies eyes,
Whose lampe of vertue giues the purest light;
You, that enforce weake fame to royallize,
Such high reuolues, as farre surpass her might,
You, whose large praise, makes naked vertue lowre,
And tyres report, in painting out your storie;
You, in whose lappe doth streame the golden shower,
Of all good fortune, gracing highest glorie.
O how can you, once entertaine a thought,
That these high ioyes should stoupe to sorrowes iure?
Or how can true felicitie be brought,
The smallest touche of passion to endure?

Let

The Tragicomædie

Let those complaine, which suck misfortunes paps :
 Who know nought els of vertue but the name,
 Who seeming wise, are snar'd in follies traps,
 Whose rash attempts, breed swift ensuing shame.
 But you heauens day-starre, pillar of our blisse,
 O want you euer, cloudes of discontent :
 You are our ioy, we all ioyes, all should misse,
 Did not your sunne-beames guild our firmament.

Oct. Did not thy true loue scale this president,
 I should suspect a serpent inongst the flowers :
 And hardly iudge faire wordes from false intent,
 Pore niggard truth, rich flattery, powres down shewts.
 But loyall Ladies, doo you thinke in faith,
 That highest honor, ioyes most sweet content? "

Cam. It doth no doubt, for high, and heauenly faith
 The prouerbe olde, to which I giue consent.

Oct. The heare me speake, what I shal say by prooffe,
 And what experience printed in my hart :
 Perhaps a story for your owne behoofe,
 Where I my selfe, haue played an actors part.
 In youthe, I thought (though falsly thought) that best
 Which fairest seemde, and my aspiring minde
 Disdaind, though not with pride, that there should rest
 A mean borne thought, within my thoughts confin'd.
 Treading this path, I was at last desired,
 By Lord *Marcellus*, for his spouse, and wife.
Marcellus, he whose worthie fame aspired,
 To th' highest toppe of honor, during life.

If wealth, (nurse of delight) mought breed content :

I had

of the vertuous Octauia.

I had no want of store to make me glad:
 My greatnesse did ambitious thoughts preuent:
 Such high successe *Marcellus* honours had.
 Proude *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull sword did pay
 Large tribute of their soules to stygian lake:
 His middle age, the stoutest *Gabies* did fraye,
Marcellus name made their huge armies quake.

His ancient yeares, made craftie *Hanniball*
 Admire the proues, and vallour of his foe:
 Thrice bitter name, that curst *Canniball*,
 By bloudie treacion, made him life forgoe.
 Fieue times this citie grac'd my worthy Lord,
 Or rather he them grac'd, with *Consuls* name:
 What they to others suites would scarce afforde,
 They ioyde to see my Lord accept the same.
 Now Ladies to forget my present state,
 Did ioy thinke you this while orecharge my minde?
 I ioyde I must confesse, to see how fate
 With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de.
 But when I found, how monster enuie, feedes
 On highest honor, as his daintiest pray:
 How brightest fier, great store of fuel needes,
 To keepe his light, and beantie from decay.
 When that I found the musicke of my minde,
 Tunde to the concorde, of *Marcellus* blisse:
 And sawe, true vallour had his life assignde,
 To haughtie *Mari*, whose course most dangerous is.
 I liu'd in him, he spent his royall dayes,
 In bloudie boosome of life-springing warres;

Safetie

The Tragicomædie

Safetie may breede delight, not nourish praise;
 Harde is the way, from th'earth vnto the starres.
 Whiles thus our state, depended on his sword,
 And thousand thousands fought his finall end:
 Could my true loue, in all this time, afforde
 One quiet thought in perfect mirth to spend?
 So many perils as on earth are found,
 So many dangers as on raging seas,
 So many terrors all my ioyes confound,
 For true loue passions are no weake disease.
 But is this all? no, more it more may be,
 Tis greater care, to keepe, then get, a crowne.
 Vertue dooth raise by small degrees we see:
 Where in a moment Fortune casts vs downe.
 And surely those that liue in greatest place,
 Must take great care, to be such as they seeme:
 They are not princes, whom sole tytles grace,
 Our princelie vertues, we should most esteeme.
 The landes on *Neptunes* shores, and beamy starres,
 Do not excede the number of those cares
 Which in our mindes, do stirre vp ciuill warres,
 And crosse delights accountes, at vnawares.
 Let this suffice, the tempest soonest teares
 The highest towers, and who will mount alofte,
 The more he climes, the more his footing feares:
 Often he slides, but sildome fall'eth softe.
 What words, can paint the infinite of woes?
 What tongue, can halfe those miseries relate?
 Which thundring fortune, threatned to impose

Vpon

of the vertuous Octauia.

Vpon my head, at *Tarent*, but of late.
 When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)
 The sunnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:
 Mine owne deare Lord, and brother, both to be
 In mortall armes, against each other ranged.
 Which tempest calm'd, the storme begins againe,
 On mischiefes maine, full sayles mishap doth beare:
 I know not now what doth my Lord detaine,
 But for I know not, I know cause to feare.
 To visit him, at last I was contented,
 And in those forraine coastes to make appeale:
 But my access, at *Athen* he preuented,
 Which makes me thinke, more then I will reueale.
 And can I then with sorrowes waight opprelled,
 Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?
 Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distressed,
 Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?
 Why, this is ioye, to taste no scence of death,
 Till dying hower, haue stopt our vitall breath.
Iuliz. Tis true delight, to know no cause of greefe,
 Although the outward signes of ioye be small:
 Who most reioycing, feels that inward theefe,
 A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.
Cam. Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing seuer,
 Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde;
 From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,
 The chiefest good, the heauens haue vs assignde.
 For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:
 So many laugh that are not rightly glad.

Gemi-

The Tragicomædie

Geminus. Titius.

Say worthie *Titius*, what rare accident,
In so short time, did bring to happie end,
The cruell warres; which *Cæsars* discontent,
Gainst Lord *Antonius*, lately did intend;
How could so many weapons thirsting blood,
Be satisfied with vncexpected peace?
What powerfull starres importun'd vs such good?
And did their angers tyranny suppress?

Tit. That will I doo, my good friend *Geminus*.
And much the sooner, for that you may know,
No force, or weapons, hath procured vs,
The happy truce, wherein we glory now.
It was the time, when the declining sunne
Made greatest shew of least performed light:
And by his swift departure had begun,
To yeelde his interest, to th' enroching night.
When as the seas, euen burthened with our waight,
Delivered vs vnto the perfect view
Of dreadfull *Tarant*: where for vs did waight,
Antonius fleet, with all their marshall crew.
There did our drowned anchors make vs stay,
Within the iawes of dangers tyranny:
There, we discouered by the flying daye,
The agents of our threatned misery.
Who can expresse the horror of that night,
When darkenesse lent hir robes to monster feare?
And heauens black mantle banishing the light,

Made

of the veruous *Octavia*.

Made euery thing in ougly forme appeare.
Vntill *Aurora*, with faire purple flowres,
Like leuing spout, had strawed *Tytus* waye:
Whose glorious beames, began to guide the towres,
As ioyfull poist, of pleasure-bringing day.
Then did loude Martiall musicke charme a sleepe,
Each languishing concept, in doubtfull brett:
And new borne comfort, now began to creepe,
In euery minde, with cau'etie feare oppress.
Then, pride of honor, made vs scorne our foes:
And courage added winges to our desire.
To present sight, we all our selues dispose:
With bloudie showers, to quenche incensed ire.
But ere our armies, had their charge fulfilled,
Ere weapons, had our inward rage exprest:
Loe where *Octavia*, comes into the field,
Twixt both our armies, she hir selfe addrest.
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,
With words that might relent indurate frost:
With maiestie, and beauties influence,
She stayes our Captaines, and affronts each boast.
O how I see that wonder-breeding face!
O how I heare those hart-enchainging wordes!
O face! o wordes! that mente highest grace!
Immortall sure, base earth none such affords,
No womans weapon bunder her princely eye;
No womans weaknesse, hir tongues passage stayes:
Like one, that did both death, and fate debite,
Aimarus-like she stands, and thus she sayes.

B

Heere

The Tragicomædie

Heere will I bide, and this same brest oppose
To all your weapons, and whole wicked band,
Shall first beginne to assault or strike his foes,
Shall strike this hart, and breake this vitall band.
No bloudie deed, *Octauiaes* eyes shall gaine,
A witnesse of your loathed crueltie:
But through this body shall the first be slaine,
That in this battle, is compell'd to dye.
It honor, vertue, worthe, or pietie,
Lies in your mindes, which beare such loftie names:
Returne your weapons, and heere quickly,
With reason, quench the force, of angry flames.
Els, let some bloudie executioner,
First robbe this iealous tombe, of loathed life:
And then, no longer neede you to deferre,
The issue, of your more then mortall strife.
Much more she said, which none but she can say,
And with her sugared speech, so much preuaile,
That like *Medusæes* marbled creatures, they
Amazed stood, so was their furie quaild.
Looke how that *trident* scepter bearing King,
His oft rebellling subiects, dooth suppressle,
And with a sodaine becke in order bring,
Their disproportion, with a quiet peace:
When that the pride, of some truce-wanting storme,
Dooth summon vp their treason-working power;
Now gracing terror, with huge mountaines forme,
Now with sleepe while poole, seeking to deuoure:
So stood the Emperors, with hir wordes amazed,

Hir

of the vertuous Octania.

Hir words, which seemde the myrrour of hir deede:
As men enchanted so on hir they gazed,
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to reede.
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,
Then powrde she forth the quintessence of witte:
And neuer did hir enterprize neglect,
Till both the Emperours bewitcht with it,
Not onely, did forget all former hate,
But euen there, before *Octauiaes* face,
A league of friendship they did consumate,
And louingly each other did imbrace.
O what a ioyfull sight, 'twas to behoulde
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.
To see how friends salute each other could,
That but euen now, each other did detest.
There did both armies sport in great delight,
And enterchangeably their loues expresse:
As captiues, foild without bloud, wound or fight,
They praise the conquest, and the victor blesse.
Then did *Antonius*, for *Octauiaes* sake,
Giue vnto *Caesar* twentie Brygantines:
Which *Caesar* did in courteous maner take,
And in requitall of his kinde designes,
Did giue twice fiftie hundred armed soldiers, giue
To *Anthony*: and quickly one mought finde,
The sparkes of emulation made them strue,
Who mought doe most, to please *Octauiaes* minde.
Gem. O noble deed, deseruing highest praise,
Well worthy to out-lie all memory:

B ii.

Life-

The Tragicomædie

Life-sauing Empresse, how thy wisdom staies,
Euen swarmes of soules, from *Plutoes* tyranny.
But why did not *Antonius*, in like sorte
Returne to *Roome*, to pay delight her due.

Tu. He presently to'ards *Parthia* did resort,
Against their King the warres for to renew.
And recommending all his owne affaires,
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,
To *Cæsars* best disposing: he repayres,
To *Syria*, and intends to winter there. (enclude,

Gem. *Roome* thou that keepst, the pearle that doth
Heauens dearest treasure, in earths finest frame:
Be neuer so vngatefull, to obtrude
Night-blacke obliuion, to her noble name.

Camilla. Geminus.

Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,
What made the Empresse, alter her entent:
What did your voyage thus abbreviate,
And all your expectations preuent,
Fame had concealer of our close entents)
Said, that the Empresse would to *Syria* goe:
To see *Antonius*, who himselfe absentes,
But your returne, doth shew it was not so.

Gem. Madame, when *Æolus* had once conuaid
Our moouing houses, vnto that same place,
Where noble *Cecrops*, the foundations lay'd,
Which are the *Grecian* confines chiefest grace:
There, long before we could approach the gates

Q f

of the vertuous Octauia.

Of that faire City, we encounter'd were,
With people of all ages, and estates,
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,
Salute the Empresse: some rich giftes present.
Some straw'd the way with flowers, and some distil'd
Their sweet perfumes, along the fields we went.
Thus to the City were we guarded straight,
Where for our comming, all the states awaite.
There were our eyes, inuited to beholde
Most sumptuous shewes, with many pleasing sights:
There did we heare, their learned tongues vnfolde.
The muses skill, with rauishing delightes,
Their lowd applause, which pierc'd the very skies.
Extolde *Octauia* past the reach of fame:
And silent *Eccho*, wakened with their cries,
Taught all the neighbour hylles, to blesse her name.
Thus frankly did two daies themselues bestow,
To gratifie our entertainment there:
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it seem'd did know
Of our approach, and thereof stood in feare:
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all speed,
Who to *Octauia* letters did conuay:
Requiring her no further to proceede,
But for his comming in that place to stay.
For thither meant he shortly to repaire,
And therefore would not, she should vndertake
So long a iorney, which mought much impaire
Her health, and quiet, bootlesse for his sake.

B 3

Sac

The Tragicomædie

She, halfe suspecting (as there was good cause)
That this was but a practise of delay:
Although vnwilling, yet she made a pause,
As one that knew not how to disobay.
But finding all his words to want effect,
And seeing nothing mought his minde recall:
Such thing, she doth vnto him straight direct,
As she had brought, to pleasure him withall.
Which was, two thousand chosen men at armes:
Great store of hortes, wonte to winne their price;
Much armour, to defend themselves from harmes,
A richely wrought, as cunning could deuize;
Giwtes, to reward his best-deseruing friends;
A summe of money for his souldiers paye;
And briefly all his care, and studie bends,
To haue his wayning honor, from decaye.
But when she saw, nought mought his thoughts recline:
Vnkinde, saith she, fencelesse of thine owne shame,
He be my selfe, since thou wilt not be mine:
Thus she concluded, and away we came.

Cam. O peerelesse paragon! O natures pride!
Faire Cabinet, where wisdoms treasure lies,
Earths glory, and the heauens beloued bride,
Rich seate of honor, vertues paradise.
Most noble Empresse, praise of women kinde,
Whose faith endures the rage of fortunes flame:
Whose constant truth, and truly vertuous minde,
Scornes smallest touche of iust-deserued blame.
How naturall, and vndeuided, are

The

of the vertuous Octauia.

The sparkes of honor, in a noble harte:
How industrie, and wit, may not compare,
With that true touche, our birthright doth impart.
Liue vertuous Empresse, myrrour of our age,
Though chance discharge whole volleys of reproach;
With fortitude withstand proud fortunes rage,
Let not despaire, neare thy sweete thoughts encroache.
Time must needs turne thy mourning vnto ioye,
For true delight from hence his spring doth take:
When we with patience suffer sharpe annoye,
Not for our merits, but for vertues sake.

Chorus.

H Eauen, heare poore earth complaine,
How wee, your frownes doe beare:
When all things els reioyce,
Ioye scornes with vs to dwell.
And reasons selfe can tell,
Each mirth discovering voice,
Assures our indring care,
How all things els want paine:
Science-following creatures knowe
No cause, why to lament,
In them, remorse dooth sowe,
No seedes of discontent.
We see, and know, but wauie our blisse:
Vnperfect nature causeth this.

B 4.

100

The Tragicomædie

Yea nature most kinde,
 Contriver of our fall:
 Begins our life with teares,
 And ends the same with woe.
 Greefe (pleasures morrall foe)
 Confounds our hope with feares:
 And sowers our sweete with gall.
 This Tyrant of the minds:
 By reason, wit, or skill,
 Can neuer be withstood:
 These aggravate our ill,
 By shewing what was good.
 And wante of that torments vs most:
 Whose worthe appeares in being lost.

Were nature falsly nam'd
 A stepdame to mankind,
 That sexe, which we account
 Imperfect, weak, and fraile,
 Could not in worthe preuaile:
 And men so farre surmount.
 We should Octavia finde,
 In some sorte to be blam'd.
 She winnes immortall fame,
 Whiles he who should excell
 Dishonour'd hath his name,
 And by his weaknesse fell.
 For double shame he dooth deserve,
 Who being guide dooth somersit swerve.

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And Lorde Antonius, thou
 Thrice woman conquered man:
 Shall not thy hart repine,
 Their triumphs to adorne?
 Octaviaes Vertues forme,
 That wanton life of thine:
 And Cleopatra can,
 Command thy ghost euen now.
 And faine would I refraine,
 From Fuluias stately name:
 Which dooth thy manhood slaine,
 And makes thee blush for shame.
 In this one thing, yet happie maist thou bee:
 They Princeesse are, that triumph over thee.

Dwell in fames louing breath,
 T' eternitie reside,
 T'ee faire Mars conquering wights:
 And feare not Lethes flood,
 Your Vertues alwayes bud,
 Your storie, honour wrights,
 And Phoenix-like you finde,
 A new life in your death.
 Arme but your Angel-soles,
 With perfect Vertues shield,
 That Thanatos controules,
 And makes Erynnis yeelde,
 Then shall she heauens your worthe deserve:
 Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.

Actus

The Tragicomodie

Actus secundus.

Othavia. Byllius.

O Thrice, and foure times, happie messenger,
Hast thou from *Parthia* made returne of late,
Canst thou declare the issue of the warre,
And make me knowe, *Antonius* happie state?
What could my Lorde in *Syria* make such staye,
Since he gainst *Parthia* did his forces bende?
When doth he meane, to'ards *Rome* to take his way?
And to those warres, impose a finall end?
Vnkinde he is: not so, but distant farre,
And his great trouble, much my good unpayres:
Els would he not mine eares so long time barre,
From much expected newes of his assayres.

Byl. Madame, these eyes haue seene what hath bin
In *Syria*, *Parthia*, and each other place; (done)
I present was, when Lord *Antonius*, wonne
Eightene great battles, in a little space.
I often sawe, when mischief, in the field
Had all his force against my Lorde brought forth:
How he with vallor, made euen fortune yelde,
And chance, awaight on well approued worthe.
I was in *Media*, when *Phraortes* flue
Great *Tatians*, fighting for my Lorde:
I sawe when he our engins from vs drew,

And

of the vertuous *Othavia*.

And put ten thousand *Romaines*, to the sword.
I was in presence, when a sodaine feare,
In blackest horrour of the darkest night,
So much astonisht all that present were,
With shrieking cries that mought euen stones affright:
That *Antony*, with feare of treason mooued,
Made *Rimms* humbly sweare vpon his knee,
To strike that head, that head so much beloued,
From of his shoulders, when he once should see,
Vneuitable danger, to lay holde,
Vpon himselfe; yet could not all this, quaike
His haughty courage, but as vncontroulede,
He still proceedes, his stoutest foes t'assaille.
And hauing now, turn'd with the *Parthian* blood,
The largest scores, of wrongs we did sustaine,
Thence to retire, he now hath thought it good:
And for a time at *Blanchbourg* to remaine,
Blanchbourg a Citty neere to *Sydon* plac'd,
Vnto the which our whole Campe did resort,
There he intends to stay, and not in haste
To visite *Rome*, as most of them report.
Of. O what should moue my Lord thus long to stay?
Byl. An others tung mought better & bewray. (said)
Oth. What dost thou know more the thou hast yet
Byl. Madame no more. *Of.* Why the am I dismaide?
Why doe I see thy sorrow, clowded brow,
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy?
Say *Byllius* whence those troubled lookes may grow?
Is my *Antonius* safe? doth he enioy

That

The Tragicomædie

That body free from hurt, wound or disease?
Doth lie yet hue and draw his vitall breath?
Speake, quickly speake, truth cannot me displease,
Where now suspicion wounds as deepe as death.

Byl. It cannot be but that your grace doth know,
For what can be conceal'd from Princes eare?
And further speech mought seedes of discord sow,
Betwene your highnest and my Lord i feare.

Ota. O how delay torments a doubtfull minde.
I know, no, I procure I may not heare
Of any thing from thence, whereby I finde,
Although vnknowne yet double cause of feare.
Then banish doubt, and see thou plainely tell,
What strange occasion doth enforce his stay?
What can *Antonius* princely minde compeil,
In foraine coastes to make so long delay?

Byl. Madame, the cause that made him to remaine
In *Syria*, so long time when as we went
To wards *Parthia*, is the same that doth detaine,
His highnest now and thus your grace preuent.

Ota. Am I an Emperesse still thus disobay'd?
And dost thou dare to dally with me still?
I first enquir'd, what him in *Syria* staide.
Why dost thou feare to tell the worst of ill.

Byl. If this likewise be hidden from your grace,
In humble sort a pardon I beseech:
That high displeasure gainst me take not place,
For what shall be disclosed by my speech.

Ota. I pardon all, so long as all be true.

Byl.

of the vertuous Otauid.

Byl. Who doth delude let sharp death be his due,
Then if you list the truth to vnderstand,
The truth is this: that fond *Ægiptus* Queene,
Queene *Cleopatra* doth your will withstand,
And him detaines, who els had present been.

Ota. By force? *Byl.* O no, worlds could not him con-
To stay this long in any place by force: (straine
But his affection is the louing chayne,
That from your highnest dooth his minde diuorce.

Ota. What chilling feare doth streame along these
What frozen terror makes me thus to quake? (vaine
What monstrous greefe, what horror, thus constrains
My shiuing hart, his lodging to forsake?
Tell me, from what concept may this be guest?

Byl. They liue together, who knowes not the rest,

Ota. I must beleue it fore against my will. *

Byl. Hardly we credit what imports our ill.

Ota. But slow beleefe from wisdom doth proceed.

Byl. But mortall wounds of present cure haue need.

Ota. Some fond report hath made thee falsly deeme.

Byl. I shunne report, and lightly it esteeme,

But this I sawe, when we to *Syria* came,

Antonius straight to *Cleopatra* sent,

A messenger *Antonus* was his name:

Whose swiftnes did euen haile it selfe preuent.

More, then we knew not, but within short space

Came *Cleopatra* royally attended,

And met directly at th'appointed place,

Which for their stay they had before pretended.

There

The Tragicomædie

There did they sporte a time in great excesse
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,
And there *Antoni*us his great loue t'expresse
Did frankly giue to this *Egyptian* queene,
Phœnia, *Cyprus* and *Cylicia*,
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell
Cald *Nubathians*, part of *Syria*:
And finding that she could preuaile so well
With *Antony*, she further did proceed,
And begd part of that land we *Iewry* call,
From whence might be transported at hir neede,
True balme, for to preferue hir grace withall.
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parthia* tooke his way,
Which we with fier and sword did waste and burne,
But in those confines did not long time stay,
But backe againe to *Blanchbourne* we returne.
From whence, a poste was speedily adrest,
For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither:
She kindly condiscends to his request,
Thus there they met, and there they liue together.
Othello, O what hart-piercing greefe doth the torment,
That are thus countercheckt with riuall's loue?
What worlds of horror do themselves present,
Vnto their mindes that do like passions proue?
O ielousie, when truthe once takes thy part,
What mercy-wanting tyrant so seuerel
What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart
But haue those horrors which in thee appeare?
Proteus: *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread?

All

of the vertuous *Othello*.

All torments are containde within my brest:
A'ello doth whole troupes of tunes leade
Within my soule, with endlesse greefe oppress.
O deserts, now you deserts are indeed:
Your common-wealths are coucht within my hart,
Within my hart, all rauening beasts do feede:
And with mad furie, still encrease my sinart.
O greefe, I feele the worst that thou canst doe.
I taste the powerfull force of mischiefes pride.
I proue the worst that chance can put me to,
The deepest wound of fortune I abide.
But staye *Othello*, if this be a lye:
If thy deare Lord do constant yet remaine,
Whom dost thou wrong, is it not *Antony*?
O fault too great, recall it backe againe.
Canst thou be so vnkinde, nay so vniust,
To censure, iudge, condemne without a cause?
Shall flying tales make thee so much mistrust,
Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes?
O traytor passion, it thou couldst subdue
Thy oueraigne reason, what ill tragedies
Wouldst thou soone acte, but Ielousie adieu,
My Lord is constant, and these are but lyes.
Did not he sweare on that our nuptiall day,
By all the sacred rights we holy deeme,
By those immortal powers which we obaye,
By all things els which dearly we esteeme,
By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,
By all that mought a perfect truthe extend:

One

The Tragicomædie

One time, one day, one houre, should surely bring,
His life, and loue into a finall end,
Did not he say the starres from heauen should fall,
The fishes should vpon the mountaines range,
And *Tyber* should his flowing streames recall:
Before his loue should euer thinke on change.
But what of this? these are but onely words,
And so are those which do his faith impeache.
O poore *Octauia*, how thy state affordes,
Nought but despaire to stand within thy reach.
The seate of truth is in our secret harts,
Not in the tongue, which falschood oft imparts.
Hast back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,
Descend ye starres, and this base earth adorne,
Let *Neptune*'s people on these hilles be fed,
For *Antony* is fled, false, and forsworne.
But tis not so, my *Antony* is true:
His honor will not let him basely fall.
Octavias name will faithfull loue renew.
His Innate vertue will his minde recall.
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in:
So vertues loue makes good men loath their sinne.

Byl. Madam, I cannot force you to beleue
That which I speake, but that I speake is true,
I knew too well it would your highnesse grieve,
And would be lothe your sorrowes to renew;
But would to God that all my words were lyes,
So my disgrace mought worke your sweete content;
Would this my soule mought be the sacrifice,

To

of the vertuous Octauia.

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent,
O vertue, thou that didst my good alliege,
Aime now my soule against proude fortunes might:
Without thy succour I may not endure,
But this strong tempest will destroy me quite.
O sacred lampe, pure vertues liuing flame,
That neuer failes sweet comfort to impart:
I feele thy power and glory in the same,
I heare thee say in closet of my heart,
Octauia, hie and shew thy selfe a Queene.
Tread thou my path, make constancy thy guide;
Let no base feare within thy minde be seene,
Let thine owne foote into no error slide;
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy misse;
Let thine owne conscience know no cause of blame;
A bulwarke stronge a brazen wall this is,
That will resist, both sorrow, griefe and shame.
Antony fall, his owne disgrace procures,
His is the fault, and on his head shall fall,
The storme of mischiefs deep-reuenging shower:
When thine own worth, in heauen shal thee enstall.
His is the fault, but what mine is the wronge.
The error his, but I endure the smart;
O vertue, if thou be so passing stronge,
Yet once againe remooue this from my heart,
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne disgrace,
And mindes distrest, with patience doth relieue:
With wisdomes light it shal direct his pace,
And cannot fall and therefore cannot grieve.

C

Well

The Tragicomædie

Well griefe, I feele that thou art griefe indeed,
But patience is a prince and must not yeeld:
O sacred vertue help me at my need,
Repulse my foes with thy all mastering shield.
But what, I must not heere stand and lament,
Thy deeds *O. Anna*, must approoue thy worth:
Thy wisdom, must these injuries preuent,
I will no more excuse thy wrongs hencefoorth,
Heelee by all means thee to reconcile,
And in my thoughts reuenge shall finde no place,
But if thou needes wilt worke a thing so vile,
To seeke my ruine and thine owne disgrace,
If nothing can preuaile, he make it seene,
Thou wrongst an Empresse, and a *Romaine* queene.

Iul. Camilla. Sylvia.

O deere *Camilla*, what a wofull sight,
Tis to beholde the Empresse dolefull state?
Though others burthens in our eyes seeme light:
Death in my heart, her griefe doth inimate.
O what exceeding pittie tis to see,
Such noble vertues nurst in wisdomes brest:
Snar'd in the trap of humane misery,
By others balenes thus to be distrest.

Cam. Madame, the case is pittifull indeed,
And such as may relent a flinty heart:
A patient minde must stand her grace in steed,
Till time and wisdom, may his loue conuert.

Iul. But who dares tell a Prince he goes aside?

Cam.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Cam. His conscience best, if wisdom were his guide.

Iul. But they are great and may do what they will.

Cam. Great if much good: not great if they do ill.

Iul. But we must yeeld to what the Prince will haue.

Cam. He is no Prince, that is affections slaue.

Iul. Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.

Cam. Heauens will not suffer sin to flourish long.

And sure who list but to beholde the end,

Shall see *Antonius* dearly buy his lust:

They neuer prosper long that leawdly spend

Their granted time, for God is not vnjust.

Syl. Well, let them talke of vertue, those that list,

Of patience, iustice and of constancie;

For me, I thinke the Empresse sure hath mist,

The onely way to cure this maladie.

Buy liuing fame that list, with pinching paine,

And starue themselves with feeding fond conceits:

Were I *Octavia* I would entertaine

His double dealing, with as fine a sleight.

I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone returne

Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:

I would compel him spite of him to learne,

It were no leste a woman to offend.

He feesles not now the griefe that makes her smart:

But I know what would touch him to the heart.

Iul. What force, what wit, can *Antony* compell,

Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?

Syl. One nayle you see another will expel,

When nothing els can force the same to mooue.

C ii.

Should

The Tragicomædie

Should he that swims in streames of sweet content,
Make his delight the agent of my paine?
No, no, he rather were a president,
How to require him with the like againe.
Had I but thought with sense of inward greefe,
When such like changes had be-fallen me,
Or at their leisure hoped for reliefe,
When I my selfe might best my selfe set free:
I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,
Or must haue liued in endlesse misery,
But I take order not to perish so,
He shall care little, that cares lesse then I

Cam. But doth not *Syluia* blush to disanull,
His owne good name, his faith, and constancie:
Doth not the feare, the wrath of heauen to pull
Vpon his head for such impietie? (iust,

Syl. The wrath of heauen, why no, the heauens are
And Iustice yeeldes a man his due desert:
Then sitte I do no iniurie, I trust
Not I, but he, for both our faults shall smart.
And for my faith and constancie, no doubt
He deale for that as well as others shall:
But tis most strange to see you go about,
To praise the thing that workes all womens fall.
Why constancie is that which marreth all,
A weake conceipt which cannot wrongs resist,
A chaine it is which bindes our selues in thrall,
And giues men scope to vse vs as they list,
For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

of the vertuous Octauia.

Small is their care, how often they do slide.
O If you would but marke the litle mappe
Of my poore world, how in times swift careere
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap
A thousand such as hould these courtes deare:
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,
For I feare nothing lesse then such relaps,
The frowardneile which I in men approoue,
Most troubles me for feare of alter claps.
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,
When I haue many subiect to my beck:
I alwayes pleasant, you still making mone,
You full of teare, they dread my frowning check.
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breeds
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things:
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,
And setled quiet soone corruption brings.
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,
When to one obiect we entend our minde:
But I with choice do still renew the state,
Of fainting loue, and still new pleasures finde.
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,
From diuers flowers extracts the pleasant thyme,
Which well compounded, one sweet matter yeelds:
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time.
I seeke not graines of gould in barraine ground,
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:
I like not where affection is not found,
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

C 3

And

The Tragicomædie

And surely who will taste the sweet of loue,
Must not be tyed vnto one poore conceipt:
One cannot worke or halfe his practise prooue,
Vpon one minde which will be dulled straight.
But there must be an emulation plac'd,
Mongst fauourites as spur of swift desire:
By letting one still see another grac'd,
As though the on's deserts did so require.
Two at a time I seldome entertaine,
Nor one alone, but alwaies if I might,
Whiles any one to court me I detaine,
Some other of the crew should be in sight:
Who'mought behold, how frankly I bestow,
Both smiles; and fauours, where it pleased me;
They thinking this from his deserts to grow,
Will strine for to deserue as well as he.
Thus I abound with store of proffered loue,
With vowed faith, with presents and what not:
When in the end one fortune all must prooue,
And all these fauours must be cleane forgot.
Cam. But will not all thy seruants thee forsake,
To see a ryuall such high fauour gaine?
Syl. If any ielious foole a sursete take,
Then thus with arte I bring him on amaine.
Some extraordinary fauour talles
On him vnwares, which may new fire his minde:
Or els some trusty agent him recalles,
In secret manner thereunto assign'd;
Who tels him (as of friendship) I admire

His

of the vertuous Oetavia.

His discontent, and my vnkindnesse blame;
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,
And still a sigh awaites vpon his name.
This way I seldon faile, till at the last,
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.
From whence with fresh desire he flies as fast,
As if (poore foole) his wings had nere been pull'd.
Iul. But sith thy minde can neuer be so free,
But that affection will on thee lay holde:
That being partiall, me thinkes should be
A cause, that others loue would soone waxe cold.
Syl. Affection, no, I know not such a thought,
That were a way to make my selfe a slaue;
I hate subiection and will nere be brought,
What now I giue, at others hands to craue.
Iul. But yet I know some one about the rest
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest.
Syl. I loue one most? I fauour, loue, and grace,
Most euery one, whiles he in presence is:
But being gone, looke who comes next in place,
He's next my heart, my course is alwaies this.
And if that any chance to fall away,
Shall losse of him thus vex me at the heart?
No griefe, I neuer meane to be thy pray,
My care and he together shall depart.
Cam. Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,
So many words hath *Syluis* spent in vaine:
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We

The Tragicomædie

We speake not of thy tutors, we complaine
Of his vntruth, that second vnto none,
In faithleines: of duety should remaine,
For euer constant vnto one alone.
Of his vntruth, who hath his honor stain'd,
By base defiling of his mariage bed:
Who being vowed, and by oath detain'd,
Is false to iworne, seduc'd and fondly fled.

872 Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,
No law, no feare, no reason can constrain
Our mindes, whiles we in natures castles dwell,
The pleasing course of nature to retrain.
Nature it selfe dooth most delight in change,
The heauens, by motion do their musicke make:
Their lights by diuers waies and courses raunge;
And some of them new formes doe alwaies take.
Their working power is neuer alwaies one,
And time it selfe least constant is of all:
This earth we see and all that liues thereon,
Without new change, into destruction fall.
Nay what is more, the life of all these things,
Their essence, and perfection, doth consist
In this same change, which to all creatures brings
That pleasure, which in life may not be mist.
Sith then all creatures are so highly blest,
To taste the sweet of life in often change:
If we which are the princes of the rest,
Should want the same, we think it were very strange.
For prooffe heereof, I need not to unfold:

Such

of the venomous Ostrinia.

Such farre fetcht secrets, science will make it plaine.
What pleasure hath the eye, when you beholde
One onely object: is't not rather paine?
What sweet delight doth charme the listning eare,
When onely one tune is doth apprehend?
In taste and smell, like loathing doth appeare,
Whose euidence, no wit can reprehend.
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,
Such sundrie coulors to delight the same;
And for the eare such strange variety,
Of sweetest tunes, which doe our musicke frame;
Such diuers meates, to please the dainty taste;
So many fauours to delight that sence;
Each other part, with diuers pleasures grac'd;
Least want of change mought haply breed offence.
What, shall the heart the master of the rest,
Be more restrain'd then any sauage beast?
Shall not the heart, on whom all those depend,
Haue greater scope then any of them all,
To taste the pleasure of each pleasing friend?
Faith mine hath had, and so it euer shall.
C. m. Peace wicked woman, nay foule monster peace
Whose very steps defile the guiltlesse earth:
Staine of thy sexe, thy poisoned speech surcease,
That hath from sinne, and wickednes, his birth.
Is't not too much to glory in thy sinne.
Leawd creature, that hast ouer-lia'd all shame?
Imbouldning others to persist therein,
When thou thy selfe shouldst shun and fly the same;

But

The Tragicomædie

But thou must make the heavens a president,
For thy misdeedes, which on thy head will power,
Eternall vengeance, vnlesse thou repent,
And stay the force of mischiefs dreadfull shower.
These moouing things are constant in their kinde
Vnto the end for which they were ordain'd:
Not mutable like thy vngodly minde,
Whose very thoughts with wickednes are stain'd.
Our sciences their peculiar objects haue,
Whose store, and number, doth vnto vs shew,
How reuerently we should our selues behaue,
Towards him whose bounty did the same bestow.
O Chastity bright vertues sacred flame,
Be neuer woman lonely wanting thee.
Be neuer woman wrong'd adorn'd with thee.
Be all disgrac'd that merit not thy name.
Come *Julia*, we haue taried heere too long.
Symia adiew in faith I with thee well,
No honest minde I thinke will doe thee wrong.
Tis punishment enough to hang in hell.

Chorus.

Greatest guide of this same golden flame,
Which daies and times deuordest:
Whose beauty euer is the same,
And alwayes one abiderst.
Why hast thou such a monster made,
Which alwayes thus rebellest:

And

of the veruous Octauia.

*And with new torments doth invade,
The hearts wherein it dwelleth.
Affection is the saunge beall,
Which alwayes vs annoyeth:
And neuer less vs liue in rest,
But still our good destroyeth.*

*Affections power who can suppress
And master when it sinneth:
Of worthy praise deserues no lesse,
Then he that kingdomes winneth.
Were Antony a Prince indeede,
That base affection scorned:
Him to become we should not need,
With vicious life deformed.
But this seducing Vertues foe,
In whom all pleasure shine:th
Doth all our sciences ouerthrow,
and reason vndermineth.*

*Who hath not ioi, when from his necke
The yoke of bondage slideth.
And wish to liue without the check,
Of him that others guideth?
Yet what more hard, then to obserue,
In such licentious pleasure:
The golden meane, which doth not swaue,
From sacred Vertues measure:
Who know, and see, the way of sinne*

Be set

The Tragicomædie

Esse with diuers many:
Yet still persist and waile therein,
As negligent as any.

The minde with deepest wisdom fringed,
That mischiefs hand elsewhere be:
And emulous craft doth bring to nought,
Affecting force subdueth,
The haughty heart with courage bold,
That deaths pale face despiseth:
The Prince which comes to be controul'd;
Afflictions power surpriseth,
And hauing made it selfe a king,
Our minde wisheth our feedeth:
Till we our selues effect the thing,
Which our ambition breedeth.

The path of error is begad'd,
With sweetest seeming pleasures:
And delight had therein plac'd,
The more house of her treasures.
But who to prooue the same are bent,
In sinfull maze enclud'd:
In vaine at last will pure repent,
With shamefull end delud'd.
Where Vertues little beaten wayes,
With diuers troubles cumber'd:
Doe't our sicke vnto true i yes,
Amongst the Angels numbred.

Adm

of the vertuous Othania.

Actus tertius.

Othania. Caesar.

O Feare desire, the spring of sighes and teares,
Relieu'd with want, impouertish with store,
Nurt with same hopes, and fed with doubtful feares,
Whose force with stand, encreaseth more and more.
How doth thy pride thus torture my poore heart,
Whiles I for bodys shadowes entertaine:
And in the harvest of most high desire,
Do reape no fruite, but scorne and deep disdain.
No feare *Hyrcani* to Forrest doth possesse,
So wilde a *Typer*, nor no *Libian* coaste,
Hath euer knowne a greater Lyonesse,
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,
So beyond measure full of furious ire,
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.
O desires that draw the golden twine,
Which doth conduct the neuer-tired poste,
Why haue you let vnclod'd these eyes of mine,
To see the field of all mine honor lost?
In vaine I sought a while, to cure the wound
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,
But now the truth is manifestly found:
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,
The shamefull wronge, the scorne and high disdain.
Which

The Tragicomædie

Which faithlesse he most falsly dooth pretena,
 To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,
 With constant hope, my weaknesse I defend,
 O torment, worse then deaths most bitter gall:
 Worse then is found in that infernall place;
 To see another glory in my fall;
 To see another proud with my disgrace.
 Why doost thou stay, distressed *Octavia* dye.
 Dead to all ioyes let death thy torments end,
 Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:
 And to another his affection bend.
 Another dooth thy interest enioy:
 And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,
 To calme with death the tempest of annoye,
 When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray.
 Dye dead *Octavia*. What? and basely dye?
 Shall I sit downe and yeeld my selfe to shame?
 Shall I content my selfe with wronges? not I.
 Reuenge *Octavia*, or thou art too blame.
 Dye neuer vntreug'd of such a wrong,
 My power is such that I may well preuaile.
 And rather then I will endure it long,
 With fier and sword I will you both assaile.
 My nature doth abhorre to be thus vsed,
 My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie:
 My birth, my state, disdaine to be abused,
 And I will deeply score thy periurie.
 Then greefe giue place a while vnto disdaine,
 Mylde pittie, make thee wings and flye away:

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And death, withdraw thy hastie hand againe,
 Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.
 How now *Octavia*, whither wilt thou flye?
 Not what thou maist, but do thou what is iust:
 Shall these same hands attempt impieties?
 I may, I can, I will, I ought, I must,
 Reuenge this high disgrace, this *Caesar* will,
 Byrthe, nature, reason, all require the same.
 Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.
 Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues sacred name.
 How then? euen thus, with patience make thee strong,
 The heauens are iust, let them reuenge thy wrong.
 Cruell to me, selfe-wronging *Antony*,
 Thy follie shall not make *Octavia* sinne:
 Ile be as true in vertuous constancie,
 As thou art false and infamous therein.
 Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,
 As thou notorious for so leawd a life.

Caesar. As is a sweet pearle-dropping siluer showre,
 Which some milde cloud down from the shadie skies
 Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth power:
 Such is *Octavias* sight to *Caesars* eyes.
 Hath *Antony* trauaile gaind the goulden fleece,
 Or hath *Octavia* faild of hir entent?
 Is *Antony* within the bounds of *Greece*,
 Or dooth he stay at *Blanchbourg* malecontent?
Oct. O *Caesar*, how my now distracted minde
 Vnites it selfe to render worthy thanks:
 But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No

The Tragicomædie

No hope to hide *Antony* lustful pranks,
I him besought, by all that words might say,
By this same ring that knit the *Gordian* knot:
By all the rights past on our wedding day,
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.
Looke how some proude hard harted mighty rocke,
Which makes the sea a mirrour for his face,
Repell's the waters with a churlish stroake,
Which mildely striue his body to embrace:
So his indurate minde reiects my words,
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,
His flinty heart naught but repulle affords,
And my deserts returne me naught but scorne.

Cæs. Were not *Octavius* precious in my sight,
Whose will withstood what I did most desire,
The bloody lynce had not been now to wrighte,
Of such reuenge as his leawd deeds require.
But worthy branch of braue *Octavius* lynce,
In *Cæsars* thoughts liue and predominate:
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,
My selfe, my scepter and my royal state.
Then sith I euer graunted your request,
And let you prooue al meanes his loue to winne:
Since you and we in vaine haue done our best,
To stay his foote out of the sincke of sinne;
Now for my sake, if I may ought preuaile,
For dead *Octavius* neuer stained worth:
For deare *Antony*es loue and your auaile,
Excuse no more his faithlesnesse henceforth,

Yeeld

of the vertuous Octavia.

Yeeld but to this liue heere and banish care,
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:
Liue like a Queene, remember who you are,
And let me rouse him from his *Lemnian* bed.
I caue you this house of his, and what is his
Stand of your selfe since he intends your fall:
Dishonor not your name with others misle,
If love cannot recall him, terror shall.
O Z. Dishonor not my name! *O Cæsar* no,
My miserie is not of this kindgree:
Wrought by my follie or forc'd by my foe,
Which nought attribute that disgrace to me,
Tis paine, and greefe, to beare and suffer wrong,
But shame and blame to him that dooth the same:
True patience can multiply suffer long,
Where rage and furie do our hues defame.
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong,
And temperance not to be mou'd withall:
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,
And wilddoms werke to free our selues from thrall.
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base teare,
Without reuenge to suffer iniurie:
It cowardize vnworthy wrongs to beare,
And madnesse to giue way to trecherie,
Well then, reuenge, but what? *Octavius* wrong,
Of whom? of *Antony*. And who is he?
Ah my deere Lord, that will returne ere long,
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.
If not, Ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

D

He

The Tragicomcedie

He is my selfe, his greefe procures my paine.
With spoile and losse? O no that were not good,
By certaine losse to hope for doubtfull gaine.
How then? be false as he is most vntrue.
One wound doth not an others balme procure.
Flame is not quencht with flame, but both reue,
A double force not easie to endure.
Whence springs reuenge? from malice and disdain:
Then speake not of it, for it is in vaine.
Earth open first this vndeuided lawes,
And swallow me in thine infernall wombe:
Eare willingly I swarue from vertues lawes,
Truthe my louses childbed was, truthe be his tombe.

Ces. Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,
As he is false, forsworne, and fondly bent:
Then would I thinke it reason to approoue,
And highly praise your vertuous entent,
But sith he willingly doth you forsake,
And wilfully persistes to do vs wrong:
High honor dooth require our swords to take,
Most iust reuenge, which we may not prolong.

Oba. His falshood dooth not malice raise in me,
But rather shewes how fraile mans nature is:
An argument which bids me carefull be,
Least I my selfe should likewise do amisse.

Ces. Can my perswasions then no whit preuaile?
Can my request no thought of yeelding finde?
Can you esteeme of him whose truth dooth faile?
There are few women of *Obanians* minde.

Oba.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Octa. Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:
We imitate the multitude too much,
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.
The number of the vertuous is so small,
That few delight to tread that loancly way:
But wisdomes heires are iealous of their fall,
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight,
Because they seldome saw the like before,
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,
And others errors make them feare the more.
How sencelessly we sleepe in follies bedde,
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme
Wise, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,
To vse that least which we do most esteeme?
Then ought a prince to feare much more then any:
Least his fault be a president to many.

Ces. And is it vertue then to be misused?

Oba. To giue no cause why we should be abused.

Ces. Do but consent, leaue it and beare the blame.

Oba. To giue consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.

Ces. And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then?

Oba. Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.

Ces. But he persists in hatefull trecherie.

Oba. True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.
Ces. How may they loue, who worlds of distance part?

Oba. He is not far thats lodg'd within the heart.

Ces. But time, and absence, will consume all loue.

D 2

Oba.

The Tragicomædie

Oth. Sooner the hart, which doth those passions proue.

Cæs. Not so, no mortall darte neare loue is found.

Oth. But we are mortall which endure the wound.

Cæs. Yet leaue this house, if not his lone deny.

Oth. First let this soule out of his lodging flye.

Cæs. Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?

Are his deserts in such abundant store?

Must all I do be fruitlesse and in vaine?

Antony be your guide, I say no more.

Oth. If that my words so much offend your minde,

O silent *Hea.* h, thou my best refuge art;

O breake my heart, for *Cæsar* is vnkinde,

In silent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.

Cæs. What in a traunce? O sister, sister deare,

Light of my life, deare modell of my soule:

Hurt not your selfe, O banish needlesse feare,

Woe, woe, to me, that did you thus controule:

O deare *Oth.* sister, I spake but to proue,

How farre your thoughts were bent with ieaiousie;

To see if malice had exile your loue,

To finde how you esteemd of *Antony*.

Oth. O *Cæsar* more belou'd then these same eyes,

More then the light which glads my tired life:

Do not my truly louing minde despise,

Kill not my heart with this your facionous strife.

Alasse tis not his house that I respect,

His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:

I would the worlds great treasure neglect,

Rather then hazard *Cæsars* discontent.

Tis

of the vertuous Octauia.

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde,

Or partiall loue that makes my faith so strong:

Too well alas! my selfe abuse I finde,

And this my hart too sensible of wrong.

And what is worse, this wrong so full of scorne,

As mought incense the mildest minde aloue:

To see my Lord a gracelesse Queene suborne;

And my dishonour carelesly continue.

Nay worse then that, if worse then that may be,

No creature euer felt the like disgrace:

Each wronged wight may hope for remedie,

My shamedull storie nothing may deface,

For if my Lord would cure this wound againe,

Yet woe is me, the scarre will still remaine.

In these respects, perhaps I could be brought,

To strike reuenge as deepe as any could:

I want no meanes whereby it mought be wrought,

For many thousands wish it if I would.

And what is more, my selfe can scarcely let:

But *Cæsars* sworde for me would pay the debt.

But when I finde in closet of my heart,

How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,

How I haue vow'd that nought but death should

From him my loue, and my fidditie.

(part

When that I see the vulgar peoples eyes,

Make my designs the patterne of their deeds:

How with my thoughts they sturre to sympathize,

And how my misde their certaine error breeds.

When that I finde how my departure were,

D 2

The

The Tragicomædie

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres :
 Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,
 A hated hell though not the happie staires.
 Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,
 In mortall wounds and bloudie lincs enrowled,
 The argument of my calamities,
 Whom proud mischance, vniustly thus controwled.
 Shall neuer two such noble Emperours,
 Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake!
 Shall neuer for my sake such mightie powers,
 The doubtfull chauce of battle vndertake,
 Shall neuer tongue recount *Octauius* error,
 An instance of his faithlesse periurie
 Ile rather dye the worlds vnspotted myrrour,
 And with my faith surmount his iniurie.

Cæs. Well sister, then I see that constancie
 Is sometimes seated in a womans brest :
 Your strange designs euen from your infancie,
 Can neuer without wonder be exprest.

Oct. I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,
 That they are faithlesse and vnconstant euer :
 For me, I thinke all women strue to finde
 The perfect good, and therein to perseuer.
 Euen as a Torche, or Sulphure poudred light,
 Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,
 Payles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,
 Till arte obscure, or force put out the fame :
 Such is the minde in womans brest contained,
 With the true zeale of vertues loue enflam'd,

We

of the vertuous Octauia.

We may be dead, but liuing neuer stained,
 We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.

Cæs. Wel, for your selfe proceed as you thinke best:
 Time and the heauens, must see these wrongs redrest.

Cæsar. Titius. Plancus.

Great peeres that strue with wisdoms sacred fame,
 To ouer-lie all humaine memory:
 Shew me, for what entent you hither came,
 What causde you to reuolt from *Antony*?

Tit. By our access we nothing else intend,
 But humbly to beseech your maiestie :
 Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,
 Our wronged selues from hatefull iniurie.
 Proud *Cleopatra*, *Ægypt*s craftie Queene,
 Rules *Antony*, and wrongs she cares not where :
 So insolent hir late attempts haue been,
 As no pride-scorning *Romaine* heart can beare.
 She is become our Queene and gouernour,
 And we whose courage feares the force of no man:
 By seruile basenesse of our Emperour,
 Must be content to stoope vnto a woman.

Cæs. What Angel Queen rules those *Nyleiah* coasts,
 Whose beautie can so ouer-rule mens mindes :
 What goddess can command the man that boasts
 To equall *Iulius*, in his high designs.

Plan. If in those guifts, by nature we enioy,
 Vnto *Octauius* sacred maiestie,
 Since be but comparable any way:

D 4

Be

The Tragicomædie

Be neuer *Romaines* so disgrac'd as we.
 But for her artificiall ornaments,
 For pompe, for pride, for superfluitie,
 For all excesse that folly represents:
 She doth exceed the height of vanitie.
 Her sinne burnt beaume cannot please his sight,
 That hath a minde with any rea on fraught:
 But tis his *Siren* tongue that dooth delight,
 Her craftie *Cypris* wit which hath him caught.
 As when Iouen *Athen*, *Niger* made returne,
 And did relate the *Emperesse* entent,
 Which he of purpose had in charge to learne:
 And did her princely guiltis to him present.
 And farther did with truth discouering words,
Otho well deuised praies frame:
 An argument which to that *Queene* affords,
 A furious blast to raise a lealous flame.
 Then did she nothing vnattempted leaue,
 That art might haue fraide, or wit might will deuize:
 Which wrought his minde, of reason quite bereaue:
 And thus she fraught began to *Syrrege*.
 Shee pinet his body with the want of food,
 That she might seeme to languish for his sake:
 And by her gestures would be vnderstood,
 How from his absence she his death should take.
 Her deepe lamenting lockes fixt in his face,
 In silent termes present an earnest sure:
 As who should say, O pity my hard case,
 Whom violence of passion maketh mute.

Then

of the vertuous Othina.

Then would she stand of purpose in his way,
 In any place where he should passage make:
 And there as though vnwilling to bewray,
 What bitter griefe she inwardly did take:
 Downe from her eyes distils a Chastall tyde,
 Which at his coming she would dry againe,
 And sodainly would turne her head a wee,
 As though vnwilling to reueale her paine.
 Thus in his presence wrought with toy,
 She smiles, and shewes what mirth she can deuize:
 But in his absence downed with annoy,
 She seemes to take her life from thoe his eyes.
 Then Meermaid-like his fences she inuades,
 With sweetest nectar of a sugered tongue.
 Vnto her will, she euer him perswades,
 The force of her words witch-craft is so strong.
 Then came the kenell of her flattering crew,
 Who largely paint the story of her death,
 Like feede Attorneys they her sute renew,
 And hunt *Antony* spurs out of breath.
 Wherewith assay'd, he like a man enchanted,
 To make her know she need not to misdoubt him:
 Or like to one with some mad fury haunted,
 Assemblith all the people round about him.
 In that fayre City royalliz'd by fame,
 By that great *Macedonian* monarke builded:
 Of whom it tooke beginning, birth and name,
 Where on a high *Tribunal* teate which yielded,
 A large prospect, were plac'd two chayres of golde;

One

The Tragicomædie

One for him selfe, another for her grace,
 And humbler seates which mought her childrē hold,
 Of such like mettall, in the selfe same place.
 There he establisht *Cleopatra*, Queene
 Of *Ægypt*, *Cyprus*, and of *Lidia*:
 And thas his bounty mought the more beseeue,
 He ioyn'd thereto the lower *Syria*.
Cæsari on, heyre apparant to her grace
 Was constituted King of those same lands.
 His owne two sonnes by her were there in place,
 Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.
 These two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,
 And to the eldest gaue *Armenia*,
 The country *Media*, and forthwith enstalled
 Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.
 To *Ptolomy* he gaue *Phenicia*,
 And all the territories there adioyning:
 The vpper *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,
 Vnto them both peculiar guards assigning.
 A Median gowne the elder of them ware,
 And all the *Armenian* souldiers so instructed:
 Accomplishing the charge they had before,
 About him came and thence they him conducted.
 In *Macedonian* robes the other stands,
 In distance from his brother little space:
 About him came the *Macedonian* bands,
 And guarded safe his person from the place.
 These things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdest voice,
 Vnto all peoples eares forthwith imparted,

Whereat

of the vertuous *Ostania*.

Whereat some frowne, some murmure, some reioyce,
 Whiles he, with his immortal queene departed.
Cæs. Immortall? why you said she was not such.
Pla. Not she, but her attyre did claime thus much.
Cæs. Was her attyre so admirable then?
Pla. Scorning the basenes of vs mortall men.
 Clad like the Goddesse *Isis* she did goe:
 Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her so
Cæs. When that *Appollodorus* on his backe,
 A flockbed did to *Iulius Cæsar* bring:
 With thongs of leather trust vp like a sacke;
 As though there had been need of such a thing,
 Where was the Goddesse when this came to passe?
Pla. Shee, noble shee, was ryding on her Asse.
Cæs. When *Antony* about the streetes doth runne,
 Listning at each mans window in the night:
 To heare what in the house is said or done,
 And with strainge noyses passengers affright.
 Where is this Goddesse then so highly blest?
Pla. She ambles after to laugh at the iest.
Cæs. And shal our state maintaine their hateful pride?
 Shall bleeding *Roome* procure their wanton peace?
 Tis time we should a remedy prouide,
 And their ambition speedily suppress.

Chorus.

The Tragicomædie

Chorus.

WHat guilded baits of sinne,
Doe still procure our misse:
And scete our soules to winne,
From theyr entended buisset
Even natures selfe doth draw,
And force vs still to sinne:
And violate the law,
Which reason makes our guide.
Of pleasures we allowe,
Which doe our shraldom bring:
When flatering Vertue now,
Is scarcely iudg'd a thing,
The one a poure conceipt, the other proou'd a King.

If that it be so sweete,
To tread the path of sinne:
And so exceeding meere,
We should not walke therein;
O nature most vnkinde,
That procures weak reason foe:
O reason thou too blinde,
That crostst this native so.
Thine mis-leading foe,
Conducts false errors trane:
Misleading most of those,

Which

of the venomous Octavia.

Which Vertues praise would gaine.
Whose force vnlesse we foyle, we labour all in vaine.

Th' examples of the most,
Which most doe take least care,
To anchore on the coaste,
Where sacred Vertues are.
Sweete Syrenizing tongues,
In flattery most expert:
Whose ill perswading songes,
Our sciences doe peruert.
And mens inuicious deedi,
Doe cause vs to digresse:
Our error fury breeds,
When wronges our mindes oppresse. { distresse.
These treason working mates, still worke our great

Ex.amples make vs bolde,
To tread the doubtful way,
Which we before were tolde,
Would lead vs quite a stray.
Perswasions kindly moone,
And winne vs to doe ill:
Whose payson when we procure,
We paysoned, lone is still,
But iniury more strong,
Doth fiercely vs incite:
By suffering to doe wronge,
Forgeisfull of the right,

All

The Tragicomædie

*All these thrice Vertuous Queene, assaile thee with
(their might.*

*Who can Gule decdes despise,
And flustering tongues neede:
With malice temporize,
As wisdom doth direct.
Give him the Lawrell crowne,
Triumphant Victors we are:
The tytles of renowne,
Which Vertues monarkes beare.
And thou most glorious queene,
These traitor soes repell:
That Vertue may be seene,
In that your sexe to dwell,
And bravelly Gaunt thy worth where he most basely sel.*

Actus quartus.

Oſania. Mecænas. Agrippa. Caesar.

YOU haughty Lords, that bury death, and fate,
In lining monuments of lofty fame:
Whole worthy prauſe doth claime the boundles
wherewith eternitie doth blaze her name. (date,
Gainst whom raiſe y^e in theſe forces in ſuch haſte?
Gainst whom lead you this danger threatening power?
Doth hatefull Murther all your continuall waſte?

Or

of the vertuous Oſania.

Or Brennus ſword your liues ſeek to deuoure:
No no my Lords, this your conceald deſigne,
Reſounding Echoes of moſt ſtrange debate:
With tragike tydings fill'd theſe ears of mine,
That pow'd on me the ſtorme of all your hate.
Neuer ſince princelie hande of *Syluius* ſonne,
Laide the foundations of theſe ſtately towers:
Did ſharpe miſchaunce ſo much celyps the ſunne,
Of our good fortune, with ſuch ſittill lowers.
But if that wiſe dome euer found a place,
Within your ſoules, which beautifies your praiſe:
Now ſhew the ſame, and ſaue from high diſgrace,
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing ioyes.
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,
As doubtfull as deare bought the victory:
Mans deſtiny is chain'd by vnknowne ſtatures,
To happy ioyes or mournfull miſery.
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes,
But neighbors, kintfolkes and your deareſt friendes:
Whoſe wounds bleed ſhame, and deep hart-peircing
Inſteed of conqueſt this is your amendes. (woes,
But if my Lord obtaine the Lawrell wreath,
And fortune ſmile on him with like ſucceſſe:
What ſatall tempetts, furious rage will breath,
From his hearts caue, your ſelues may eaſily gueſſe.
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,
What lyon thought his tyre on his haughty ſoule.
Where wronged valour raignes tis hard to finde,
Such pittie as may honors pride coutroule.

Then

The Tragicomædie

Then fith your course to loofe your felues is bent,
To loofe your liues or purchase liuing shame:
Let wifedomes eyes, blinde errors faults preuent,
With eafie a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
Be aduocates for me to *Caſar* grace,
And ſtop in time the current of his hate.
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,
While ſwordes haue pleaded, words wil come too late.
You know my fortune euer hath been ſuch,
As ſcattered *Emperours* eies with honors ſhine:
But ſince *Antony* hath augmented much,
This ſoueraignty and great eſtate of mine;
Since nature, fortune, birth and maieſty,
In fields of glory ſtare vp ciuill warres,
Which of them moſt ſhould raiſe my dignity,
And liſt mine honour neereſt to the ſtarres;
Since theſe two Emperours whoſe princely hands,
Doe ſway the ſcepter of the *Roman* ſtate:
The one my brother, linkt in natures bands,
The other is my ſpouſe and louing mate;
Since heauens themſelues did in my life prouide,
To ſhew the map of their felicities.
This *Rome* my Lords and all the world beſide,
Make me the object of their wondring eyes.
Thus I that was more happy then the reſt,
And did excell in glory and renoure:
With more then moſt diſgrace ſhall be ſuppreſt,
No ſill like his that falleth from a crowne.
And that which nature grantes the meanest wight,

They

of the vertuous Octavia.

They cannot loofe which haue the conqueſt wonne:
Yet with this ſtrange *Dyllemme* workes my ſpight,
Whoſe euer winne *Octavia* is vndone.
Great Empreſſe, this bright ſunne can witner well,
So can theſe heauens before whoſe powers I ſtand:
That gainſt our mindes *Caſar* doth vs compell,
This enterprize you ſee, to take in hand.
But for my ſelfe, and if the caſe be ſuch,
That but report is author of this iarre:
If *Caſar* honor may be free from touch
Of any ſtaine, relinquſhing the warre.
He doe my beſt, and what I may perſuade,
To lay downe armes, wherein I preuaile.
A perfect league of friendſhip ſhall be made,
That may the fury of this tempeſt quail.
And pardon me deare ſoueraigne though my ſpeech
Include exceptions in this doubtfull wiſe:
I may not *Caſar* moue, nor him beſeech,
What may his maieſtie diſpoſe.
This ſaid, behold my hand my ſword, my ſoule,
Heere humbly proſtrate at your princely ſeete:
What you command let none dare to controule,
This *Caſar* will and this we thinke moſt meete.
Arg. Madam, your ſpeech I thinke doth not extend,
To the diſparagement of your owne bloud:
And ſooner ſhall my life haue ſmall end,
Then I reſuſe to doe your highneſſe good.
Though laſt my ſpeech, yet ſecond vnto none
Is my deſire, to eſtimate your will:

E

Exit

The Tragicomædie

But loe where *Cæsar* comes himsef alone, (skil.

Anne we our tongues with words, our words with

Cæf. Fayer illue of renoun'd *Octavius* race,

My second felte, *Roomes* glorious Empreile:

Behold vs all assembled heere in place,

To worke your safety and your wrongs redresse.

Your Lord *Antonius* (as we heare) doth threate,

To power sharpe stormes of deep reuenging Ire,

Vpon our heads: and make th' imperiall feat

His sole possellion, ere he hence retyre.

But let him know, though finely he pretend.

To guilde iniustice with a Priests name:

Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,

What he begins, he may repent the same.

Oct. My gracious Lord, high words doe but encrease

The flame of valour in incensed mindes:

Leaue armes my Lord, and let vs treat of peace:

Who best doth speed in war, smal safety findes,

Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,

Let not new dangers needlesse trophies raise.

Let not th' effect of hateful deeds be showne,

Against my Lord who may deserue your praise.

Cæf. Shall he be prais'd that is become our foe,

Staine of our name, soile of the *Romaine* state:

A seruile man, contriuer of our woe,

And from all honor doth degenerate?

Nay what is more, tis said he doth pretend,

To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.

Oct. Can soule suspicion then, and false report,

In

of the veronous Octavius.

In wisedomes confines holde so large a place:

That it can foyle our reason in such sort,

To fly the good, and worke his owne disgrace?

The auncient *Romaines* wont to draw their swordes,

To purchase honor, of their stoutest foes:

But you whose groundes are vaine surmized words,

By seeking honor, shall your honors loose.

Fame hath two wings, the one of false report:

The other hath some plumes of veritie;

Why then should doubtful rumour, raise a forte

Of mortall hate, against my Lord and me.

Suppose he rais'd as you haue done, a power:

He to defend, not to offend his friend,

The heauens forbid that any fatal bowe,

Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.

Vnhappy no, he neuer failes amisse,

That foiles his toe before his final ende:

High honor, not long life, the treasure is,

Which noble mindes without respect defend.

Oct. The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.

Cæf. Tis honor all whose end imports our good.

Oct. O wretched state where men make haste to dye.

Cæf. True valour feelles nor griefe nor misery.

Oct. He is your brother, be not then vnkinde.

Cæf. Iustice, not pittie, fits a Princes minde.

Oct. He hath done nothing, spare an innocent.

Cæf. He doth too much that beares a false content.

Oct. You both are stronge and both will buy it deare.

Cæf. I am'd with iudice, know not how to feare.

E 2

Oct.

The Tragicomædie

Oct. O *Cæsar* shall my heart be made a stage,
For you to play a bloudie tragedie?
Shall feare misfortune, breathing spitefull rage,
Make me vengeant of all misery?
If both of you mist in troubles maze,
Doe tecke revenge of misconceiued wrongs,
For your owne sakes out of your fancies raze,
The spurs of mallice graited with your tongues.
But if mischance haue offered disgrace,
To eyther party: O let me entreate,
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,
A fault so small, with breath of words made great.

Cæ. Bright lamp of vertue, honors liuing flame,
Whosoever winne, you can no losse sustaine:
Whom partiall fortune lift to crowne with fame,
His be the day, the triumph and the game.
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,
Or els your brother, who will both consent,
To tie their fortunes with the dinte of sword,
But shild you as the worlds chiefe ornament.
If both we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)
All that suruiue, are subiect to your will.
Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still,
no ear so deaf which hath not heard your name; (mire
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire,
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

Oct.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Oct. But many you, and I their burthen beare.

Cæ. Tis reason I, none els my grieve sustaine.

Oct. Where nature forceth, reason is but vaine.

And therefore *Cæsar* heere I thee beseech,
By these same scepter-bearing hands of mine:
By these same teares true witnes of my speech;
By that same princely port and grace of thine;
By all the loue thou bear'st to *Accius* ghost,
By all the rightes that louing mindes hold deare;
Lay armes aside dismisse this pusant boast,
Let friendly truce release my minde of feare.
If not, he drowne my life in these same teares,
And tyre with plaints the *Pandionian* birdes:
Tyre th' *Halciones*, with grieve that beares
To high a straine, for highest clyming words.
He make the sunne for pittie doath his seedes
In sorrows livery, and disdain your sighs:
Force niggard *Pluto* with my wofull deeds,
To entertaine my soules disgraced flight
Else will I flie and throwde my face from shame,
Where *Pyndus* hides his head amongst the flames:
Or where ambitious *Etna*, wanting flame
Of heauently lamps, the cloudes swift motion barres.
Ought will I doe, before these eyes behold
Death's visage painted in that princelie face:
Before he see captiuitie, lay holde
On those faire lims, which merit highest grace.
Before he see their bloudie weapons drinke,
The nectar of thy life, or loue stam'd,

E.º

With

The Tragicomædie

With vgly gore : O let me neuer thinke,
Or hope ull then, to haue this life maintain'd.
Before that time, death is a welcōme guest
To my lues lodging : and O sisters deare,
If euer pittie dwelt in dyrefull brest,
Draw not my threed till that newes peirce mine care.
How oft when sleep inuites my drowfie eye,
With natures curtaine to repell the light:
And hide my minde from sorrows tyranny,
Vnder the darknes of the silent night?
Shal thy pale ghost deſil'd with deaths foule hand,
Stand in my sight, as in the cleereſt day:
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand;
Affright my minde and chaſe dead ſleep away?
Which being gone, fierce sorrows cruell clawes,
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygers fell:
And gripe my heart with sharpe tormenting pawes,
That thouſand times deaths rygour doth excell.

Cæſ. O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,
Inuincible *Octauia* ceaſe to plaine:
O had *Antonius* halfe ſo good a minde,
No diſcord could betwixt vs two remaine.
My Lords what thinke you, how may we proceed?
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:
And yet *Octauia* croſſing this our deed,
Cannot reſolue which of vs ſhe would looſe.

Agg. I thinke it is a braue and Princely thing,
With fire and ſword to ruinate our foes:
But greater glory is it for a King,

To

of the vertuous Octauia.

To ſaue his ſubiects from wars common woes.
Tis wiſedome noble *Cæſar*, muſt aduance
Our ſtate beyond the reach of fortunes arme:
Not fierce reuenge which workes effectes by chance,
And glories moſt when moſt it worketh harme.
And valour, ſuch as doth contemne all feare,
And guild our actes with honor and renowne:
With gentle clemencie, our deeds endeare, (downe,
And mount with vertue where chance throwes vs

Meca. The rareſt thing a Princes fame to raiſe,
Is to excell thoſe that are excellent:
All other to ſurmōunt in vertues praiſe,
And be his kingdomes chiefeſt ornament.
Make quiet peace within his coaſtes remaine,
And ſuccour thoſe that liue in great diſtreſſe:
From bloody ſlaughter euer to reſtaine,
With time, and wiſedome, paſſions rage ſuppreſſe.
Theſe are the wings directing vertues flight,
This is the fuelle feeding honors flame.
This is the path that leades to heauen aright.
and ſun-bright beames that guild braue *Cæſars* name.

Cæſ. Pittie my Lords, is often like a maſke,
That hides our eyes from ſeeing what is iuſt:
Inuiting any t'vndertake the taſke,
To worke our woes and execute their luſt,
For to neceſſe the courſe we haue begun,
Were to betray our ſelues vnto our foes:
Where keeping ſtronger though no exploite be done,
Yet gaining nothing, nothing ſhall we looſe.

Why

The Tragicomédie

Why you are ill inform'd of *Antony*,
And his attempts exceed your knowledge farre:
I teare me when you know as much as I,
You'll pleade as fast to prosecute the warre,
But see a stranger haits into our sight,
With further newes, and if I iudge a right.

By. Thrice noble *Cæsar*, hither am I sent,
Hauing in charge from great *Mark Antony*:
Th' ambassage of his pleasure to present,
Before *Othavia* and thy maiesty.
First he commaunds *Othavia* to depart:
Out of his house, and leaue all that is his:
The reason why, he list not to impart,
It must suffice that such his pleasure is.
He likewise will, thy highneile knowiedge take,
How much he scornes thou shouldst his will withstand:
And thereof meanes with fire and sword to make,
A perfect demonstration out of hand.

Cæ. Will *Antony* our confines then inuade,
With Cruill warres, contriuer of our woe?
Great reat'on preparation should be made,
For to withstand so puissant a foe.

By. Fiue hundredth faile of warlike ships he brings,
Wherewith the froathing Ocean he scoures:
And in his army are eight foraigne Kings,
Eight Kings in person with their mighty powers,
A hundred thousand well arm'd foote, are led
Vnder *Tanidius* their chiefe generall:
Twelue thousand horse most strongly furnished,

All

of the vertuous *Othavia*.

All these are knowne, and knowne these are not all.

Cæ. How now my Lords, is this thinke you a time,
To talke of clemencie? or of delay?

Is not this mischief in his chiefeest prime,
Before we could the speedie spring bewray?
What saith *Othavia* to these tidings strange,
Are our coniectures vpon falshood grounded?
Can this suffice your settled thoughts to change?
Are not our liues with mischiefs Ocean bounded?

Oth. Had I so many tongues to paint my woes,
As euer silent night had shining eyes:
Yet could not all their eloquence disclose,
The throwes of greefe which do my minde surprize,
But would to God, this world of misery,
Mought presently be trebled vnto me:
So that from imminent calamitie,
My deereft brother *Cæsar* mought be free.
For me, long since I wel discern'd the storme,
And sought by all meanes how I mought preuent it:
But sith no wit can *Antony* reforme,
O'tis not I, but he, that wil repent it.
I fear'd the stroke before I felt the wound,
But now resolu'd the worst of chance to bide:
True fortitude doth in my soule abound,
My honor scornes the height of fortunes pride.
The worst that can befall me is but death:
And O how sweete is his liues sacrifice,
On vertues altar that expires his breath,
And in the armes of innocencie dyes.

They

! *The Tragicomodie*

They onely feare, and onely wretched are,
From whole bad liues stained with imperie:
Their dying fame doth to the world declare,
Most shamefull stories of foule infamie.
But those that know not, let them learne in me:
That vertuous minds can neuer wretched be.

Ces. My Lords, I wil yee presently proclaim
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our state:
That all his foueraignties yee straight reclaime,
And all his dignities annihilate.
We will not see the *Romaine* Empires shine,
By any seruile minde to be defamed:
To manage Steele our nature dooth encline,
Of womens wanton toys we are ashamed.
And therefore with such hast, as may be-fit,
A matter that imports our dearest bloud:
Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,
And what we say, there will we make it good.
Adiew *Ocellina*, and your selfe prepare
To runne what course of fortune I approue:
It happie starres to vs allotted are,
He neuer be forgetfull of your loue.

Of. Honour attend thy steps, and till I see,
The period of my worlds declining state:
He neuer to my selfe a traytor bee,
But seeke the meanes to stay your mortall hate.

Chorus.

of the vertuous *Ocellina*.

Chorus.

Earth-ruling heauenly powers,
Great Ioues immortal mates:
That from your Chrystall bowers,
Dyreft all mortall states,
And vs like Actors do dispose:
To play what parts you list & impose.
Must we, poore we, consent
To call you euer iust?
Though you our hearts torment,
Euen after your owne lust?
And for each drop of hoped ioy:
Powre downe whole tempests of annoy.

And that which is much more,
Looke what we best do deeme:
Doth vex our mindes more sore,
Then that wee least esteeme.
And that which nature saith is best:
By ioy all yeelds vs smallest rest.
Who dooth not wish, to weare
The terrour breeding crowne:
And direfull scieper beare,
As badge of high renoune?
Yet who more iustly do complaine:
That they the brunt of woes sustaine.

Stand

The Tragicomodie

Stand who so bid for me,
In highest suppers place:
Though great their glorie be,
Yet greater their disgrace.
And who so subject to mischance:
As those whom fortune doth advance.
Thee ba'th earth-creeeping maces,
Proud on us neuer spres:
When at the greates states,
Har poisoned quiver flies,
Each tempest doth swallowe the seas:
When little Laies haue quiet eies.

Not those that are bedight,
With burnisht glistening gold,
Whose pompe doth beale our sight,
It is wonder to beholde:
That smallest sweets without much scale.
Nor finde true ioyes without their cull.
This did the heauens impose,
Not that they are vnjust:
But for to punish those,
Who glory in their iust.
And our misdeeds procure vs ill:
To seeke our good amongst much ill.

A monster honour is,
Whose eyes are Vertues flame:
How few conceipt of this,

Which

of the vertuous Octauia.

Which we pale death do name,
His Lyon heart naught els doth care:
But crowing each of shame to heare.
His wings are high desires,
His feet of Iustice frame:
Fast dangerous alpes,
His fate immortal fame.
Only the traine of Enues plumes,
Which others growne be selfe consumes.

Actus Quintus.

Julia. Geminus. Camilla.

Hath Geminus beheld th' Egyptian Queene,
The author of the troubled worlds distresse?
Hast thou his guists and rare perfections seene,
That makes *Antony* see thee thus digresse?
Tell vs, is she so admirable faire,
That Italy hath none which may come nigh hire?
Doth she all beauties els so much impaire,
Or els indeed, dooth small fame be lye hire?
Haue those his eyes so rare an influence,
To houle and captiuate men: since so,
That soyling wit and reason best defence,
They ranslud, must needs themselves forgoe?
Gent. I know not what may seeme faire in your sight,
Because some like what others do commend:

But

The Tragicomædie

But for my selfe, and if I iudge aright,
Speaking of *Cleopatra* as a friend.
The fairest thing that in her may be seene:
Is, that she is a Ladie and a Queene.
Madame, that sun-burnt coast, yeelds not a face
Which with the *Romain* beauties may compare:
There mought be found a thousand in this place;
Whose naturall perfections are more rare.

Iul. How passing strange it seemes that *Antony*,
Should leaue the paragon of natures pride:
And follow hir whose shamefull luxurie,
Dooth make the world his folly to deuide.
Whence should it spring, that such a thing should be?
Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?

Cam. His fault no doubt, & crosseth natures lawes.

Iul. And I thinke not, for nature is the cause.

By nature we are mou'd, nay forst to loue:
And being forst, can we resist the same?
The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prooue:
Who strike the stroke, and poore we, beare the blame.

Cam. Loue sure, frō nature tooke his birth by right,
But loue of what? *Iul.* Of beautie loues delight.

Cam. And what is beautie? *Iul.* first say what is loue?

Cam. Loue's a desire of what doth liking moue.

Iul. Desire doth spring, frō what we wish, and want,
Dooth loose himselfe in winning of his saint:
Enjoying dooth that humor quite supplant,
And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.
If loue were a desire, as you do guesse,

Sith

of the vertuous Octauia.

Sith none desires that which he doth enioy,
We could not loue the thing we do possesse:
For why, enioying, would our loue destroy.
But this is false, and you haue iudg'd amisse.

Cam. Speak you the truth, whose iudgment better is.

Iul. I thinke this loue a deepe affection sure,
Wrought by th' instinct of natures hidden might,
Which in our hearts an vnion doth procure,
With that which perfect seemes vnto our sight.
Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,
When such a beautie we do chaunce to see:
As with our nature best doth sympathize,
Which nature, faultie is, and not poore we.

Cam. Wel, what is beauty? *Iul.* that which liketh best.

Cam. Which liketh whō? *Iul.* Some one aboute y rest.

Cam. Why? some do like what others disallowe.

Some loue, what others hate: and few there are
In whom a like affection doth growe,
Of any one thing, though the same be rare.
Were beautie then such as you heere do name,
One thing should be, and not be beautifull,
One thing should be, and yet not be the same:
And that me thinkes were strange and wonderfull.
I rather thinke these outward beauties growe,
From iust proportion and right symmetrie:
Of these same gifts which nature doth bestow,
Vpon vs all in our natiuitie.

Iul. Indeed we see a mixture farre more fine
In some, then others, wrought by natures frame:

To

The Tragicomicdie

To whom the praise of beautie we ascribe,
Yet do not all alike affect the same,
Now, if this were the object of our love,
We all should like some one that were most faire:
What should alone must deepe affection mouue,
What's vulgar minds might drown in deep deuaie:
But as no woman easily can endure,
To be depriu'd of beauties louely prae:
So is there none so much deformed fore,
That in some minds affection doth not raise,
There's none so faire whose beautie all respect,
Although we were on foot it should be so:
Some nothing faire, whom we must needs affect,
Though reason, wit, and all the world say no.

Com. And what should be the cause of all this faine?

Ant. I thinke because we lodge in natures frame.
I thinke how the Leadstone draws nought els but Steele
Though metals for more precious are about it:
Yet thus as his fit fabrick seems to be,
His power attractiue, and moues not without it,
Or as in sturche with venters we see,
When any one doth strike a tuned string:
The rest which with the same in concord be,
Will shew a motion to that senselesse thing,
When all the other vnder stire our playe,
Although perhaps more musick all than they:
So are our minds in sight of reason ray,
Stirr'd with the bent of natures force, as playe:
Whose powerfull force, no wit, no art, can stay.

And

of the vertuous Othauia.

And if you aske a farther reason why:
In these two things, but shew the cause of both:
And then I'll tell you why we loue, and hate,
Now, if the power of nature be so strong,
That euery creature yeeld thereto:
O why should we endure so great a wrong,
To beare the blame of that which others doe,
While living man can cease himselfe to be,
And yet as possible is to reuaine,
From that whereto our nature dooth agree:
And fight of vs, doth vs thereto continue.
What can be angry with the senselesse Steele,
For cleauing into this hard hearted thing?
Or blame that which can neither heare, nor feele,
For mouing to the other sounding thing,
If this may be excus'd by natures lawes:
O how much more should we be free from blame,
Without whose tender hearts affection drawes,
Such disreputations leading to the same.

Cam. Is beautie then, sole object of our love?

Ant. That which seems so, doth our affection moue.

Cam. I euer thought that vertue had been best.

Ant. We praise that most, but yet esteeme it least.

Ca. Why is Othelind, whose worth is so well knowne.

Ant. To shew thus vice the world hath ouergrowne.

Ca. The name is often heard in each mans mouth.

Ant. The thing more rare than Eagles in the south.

Ca. The thing contemnd can we the name esteeme?

Ant. Yet so that my eyes looke as all would seeme.

I

But

The Tragicomædie

But such this is the beautie of the minde,
And nothing thus our naturall discourte:
I let vs excuse for *Antonius* sinde,
And to our former purpose haue recourse.
Comm. No *Tullus*, no, your haruest is too long,
For such a simple croppe as you receiue:
You may not thus perlist the truth to wrong,
And with your wit, the world seeke to deceiue,
But Lord how willing are we to inuent,
And finde out couerts to obscure our sinne:
As though to hide the same, and not repent,
Could vs preserue from being drown'd therein.
Tis true, that nature did these buildings frame,
And true, that they to natures power are thrall.
And true, that imperfections soyle the same,
And true, that we by natures weaknesse fall.
And this is true, that God ynnatured all,
And gaue vs wildome to suppress our will:
He gaue vs perfect reason to recall,
Affections scoutes from following what is ill.
Why we are men: and this same sparke diuine,
Our trouping thoughts should marshall in such wise,
That no affect from reason should decline,
Nor rebell passion in our hearts arise.
Th' instinct of nature, which doth all things moue,
Bids loue whereas you like without regards:
But pittie faith, where tis lawfull loue,
Circls hell torments shall be your reward.

Ostania.

of the vertuous Ostania.

Ostania. *Antonyes children,*

And is it true, is *Antony* vnkinde?
Hath this new loue, offaith and troath bereft him?
Can sonde affection so obscure his minde,
That not one sparke of honor should be left him?
Can he so far forget his owne good name,
As to dishonor all that are about him?
Ah can he not without a further blame,
Permit them dye that cannot liue without him?
Come poore companions of my misery,
The issue of the faithles man aliue:
Support the burthen of his trecherie,
Whose base reuolt, our ruine doth contriue.
Come poore beholders of your mothers fall,
Whose innocence mought greater pittie moue:
Your impious father doth despise vs all,
Forfaken we, must other fortunes proue.
Come poore attendants of a falling state,
Whose silent sadnesse doth my greefe renew:
Yet be you all much more vnfortunate,
Fire any feedes of leawdnesse rest in you.
Come let vs goe, and leaue this loanly place,
Your fathers dying loue bequeaths you hence:
O like this house, as from your owne disgrace,
Tis his commaund you should be banisht hence,
Dead *Fulvia*, how can thy imperious gheast
Endure to see thine *Orphants* thus opprest?
Yet of mine honor though his loue be lost,

F 2

Whiles

The Tragicomédie

Whiles I survive, they shall not be distressed.
O Antony. borne of no gentle Syre,
 Some cruell *Lamias* did thee beget:
 Euen senselesse things thy senselesnesse admire,
 And seeme to feele what thou seemst to forget.
 Oft haue I seene, these stones with pity moued,
 Shred drizzling teares, lamenting my disgrace:
 When in thy heart where most it most behoued,
 No kinde remorse could euer finde a place.
 More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beast,
 For they but giue a finall time lasting death:
 With enuious greefe, my soule thou dost molest,
 Which euer killing, neuer stops my breath.
 O fading pulser of my falling state!
 O fading flower of vertues fairest field!
 O why shouldst thou so much degenerate,
 And honors birth-right to dishonor yeeld.
 Yeeld to dishonour all that deare bought wealth,
 Which earthly kings doth in heauens kingdom place:
 Let thy mindes treasure fall away by stealth,
 By stealth continue and worke thine owne disgrace.
O Erastus that my Lord did know,
 As thy kinde boye shunnes shaftes of swift desire:
 So mightie *Ioue*, sharpe thunder-bolts doth throwe,
 Confounding such as from his lawes reyre
 He nurst in time, sees not his owne disgrace,
 Augmenting still, our sorrow and his shame:
 That greatnesse hides the danger from his face,
 But yet my care is doubled with the same.

The

of the vertuous Octauia.

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell rauening beere,
 Toucht with th'extremitie of hungry paine,
 The guiltlesse cattles furiously do teare:
 And being fed, from cruellne reaine.
 But tyrannizing greefe prayses on the heart,
 And cloyed with sighes and reages doth stil persecuer:
 In raging fure nothing may quier,
 But still, still fed, is faulshed neuer.
 O happie he, a thousand times and more,
 Whose quiet thoughts so milde a calme do gaine:
 That neither hope can force from fancies shore,
 Nor deepe despaire can sincke on mischiefes maine.
 But manesse, and honour for these too,
 Shalbe the onely objects of mine eye:
 What vertue saith is iust, that will I doe,
 Thus I resolute lue, thus will I dye.

Gerimus. Byllius. Octauia.

And are you sure that *Antony* is slaine?
 May we beleue that this report is true?
Byll. Why should you with me to recount againe,
 The story that doth double greefe renew?
 O had you but discerned with your eyes,
 The face of woe in all that present were:
 Or heard their dolefull noyie and shrieking cries,
 You would haue cause to greue and not to feare.
Oct. What tragick tidings bring these wofull wights,
 That ring such peales of horror in mine eares?
 What ynnowne cause your martiall hearts affrighte?

I

What

The Tragicomædie

What silent greefe in your sadde lookes appeares ?

Eyl. Did but our words import the sound of woe,
To wound your eares withall were doubtles sinne :
But since your highnesse will, it should be so,
And that your safetie is contain'd therein ;
We will not from your grace conceale the same ;
And though we should, yet time will open all.
From *Egipts* common woes I lately came,
And did bewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall

Of. Is *Antony* ore'throwne? *Eyl.* Yes all is lost.
His power and forces wholly are decayed:
He is deceiued by hir he loued most,
By *Cleopatra* shamefully betrayed,
And she that taught him first to swim in sinne:
Was euen the first that drown'd his life therein.

Of. Ah, by what meanes did she my Lord abuse?

Eyl. By such a meanes as leawd offenders vse.
For when the warres at first pretended were,
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hir :
Shee fearing least hir selfe not being there,
He haply mought be moued to forsake hir,
Shee fees *Canidius* our cheefe Gencrall,
Him to perswade, that she mought present be :
He sues, obtaines, and we embarked all,
Make ioyfull hast our wofull end to see.
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,
And neither side could disaduantage spye:
Like one that knew a secret cause of feare,
Out of the armie she began to flye.

Loc

of the vertuous Octauia.

Loe, how no greatnesse can our conscience free,
From inward horror of our wicked deeds :
For that same better part of vs doth see,
A greater power whose Iustice terrour breeds,
But he, whose thoughts were to hir lookes enchained,
Although the armie did no losse sustaine,
As though for hir he had the world disdayned :
Forlakes them all, and after flies amaine.
Whose causelesse teare so much dismayd the host,
Who scorn'd to fight for him which runne away :
That with small hurt, the battle there was lost,
And *Cesar* had the honor of the day.
The Legions, thus depriv'd of a guide,
Themselues to *Cesars* clemencie submit :
Antonius basenesse they do all deride,
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.
But Lyon-harted *Cesar* still proceeds,
His strength is doubled, weakened is his foe:
Vnto *Pelusium* hastily he speedes,
These fugitiues may not escape him so.
There lay *Antonius* nauie in the rode,
Who yelded when *Augustus* fleet was seene:
And likewise shewed how *Antony* abode,
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,
Who seeing thus himselfe depriv'd of ayde,
Cries out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him:
She whether guiltie, or perhaps affraid,
That fro hir slaughter nothing could haue staid him ;
Flies from his sight, and falsely sends him word,

F 4

That

The Tragicomodie

That shee drowned in despair, his life had flame :
 When with enrag'd, he takes a bloudie sword,
 And breasting out these speeches all in vaine,
 O *Die* thou a prince be of my heart ;
 And art thou dead ? to dying I adore thee :
 The more then death, doth now procure my smart,
 That wanting courage, I went not before thee ;
 With that yet warme death-coloured influent,
 In his sore breast he did the gate for ope,
 Which to the earth, his bloudlesse limbs hath sent :
 His dying soules up to the heauens I hope,
 And as he dead : But his better part yet liueth,
 But to his corps a tombe sweet quiet giueth.

Ulla O poore *Pranethus*, now I feele thy paine,
 Griefe to grieue culture feedes vpon my heart:
 Vpon my head a thower of mischiefes raine,
 And all the heauens conclude to worke my smart.
O my Antonius, O my Lord, my Lord:
 O that *Ulla* had beene flane for thee ;
 O that the heauens would vnto me afford,
 That this my blood might thy liuee comfort be.
 Mine was the wound thou sauest that richly belied,
 That purple steame extracted from my heart,
 In my deepe pulsions is thy death exprest,
 Thou feldest the stroke, but I endure the smart,
 And O that griefe did not thus stop my breath,
 And all my words disblue in showers of teares,
 That I might worthy lament thy death:
 And *Cataldus* a-blaye, dull all mens cares,

Unhappy

of the vertuous Octauia.

Unhappy world, the punishment of paine,
 The stage where mischiefes actes a dyetful part:
 What hast thou had, what dost thou now containe,
 Which hit a thought of pleasures mought in part.
 Not one care wanting hoare my life hath tasted:
 But from the very instant of my birth,
 Vnflant woes my tyred heart haue wasted,
 And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
 Looke how one waue, another still pursueth,
 When some great tempest holds their troup in chase:
 Or as one Loure an others losse reneweth,
 Or passing day supplyes anothers place ;
 So do the billows of affliction beate me,
 And hand in hand the stormes of mischief goe:
 Successiue cares with viter ruine threate me,
 Onee is enchain'd with griefe, and woe with woe,
 Yet must I beare it with a patient minde:
 For why the heauens haue this to me assign'd.

Chorus.

Inexorable fates,
 That on both high and low,
 Your equall rigour shew:
 Conneling all to joye,
 And surely minde's suppre, sing.
 Your fauour none may wylme,

And

The Tragicomædie

No cloake or faults can hide:
But needs we must abide,
The punishment of sinne,
And hope for no releasing.
No greatnes may wish stand,
No words can pittie mooue:
But we must all approoue,
The vigour of your hand:
Great Ioues decrees expressing.

Great Ioues decrees, which some,
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:
Are not indeed the same,
But heauens eternall doome.

Our witlesse steps directing.
Their speech exceeds our skill,
Their words pierce not our eares:
But in our life appears,
The legent of their will:

Our errors misse correcting.
Then let the greatest know,
Dole on their ruine feedes:
Whiles they obscure vile deedes,
Vnder a glorious shew;
The vulgar sort instructing.

Octauia still distressed,
Doth not to vs declare,
How they must wretched are.

Of the vertuous Octauia.

Who are with griefe oppress:
But shewes what heauen requireth.
How through affliction great,
Great troubles and annoy:
We finde the doubtfull way,
That leades to Vertues seate:
Which wisdomes selfe desireth.
In fairest christ, all shone,
Let men her trophy shew:
That all the world may know,
Heere liueth such a one,
As Vertues height aspireth.

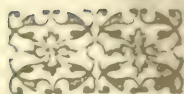
Sharpe griefe and sweet delight,
Are byants to approoue:
If ought may vs remoue,
And turne vs from the right,
Thence double error springeth.
The weakest wrought his fall,
Whiles that Octauia true:
The other did subdue.
And purchast therewithall:
That fame her honor singeth.
A monument most rare,
Of pure Arabian gold:
The highest worth tenfold,
Let arte for her prepare:
Who time in triumph bringeth.

The Tragicomædia

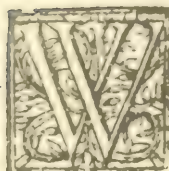
*Time shall endear thy name,
 With honors breath make sweet:
 The earland is no? meete,
 For such as winne the same;
 Thy Vertue best deserued.
 Whiles any sparke of worth,
 Doth lodge in womans brest:
 Thy praise among the rest,
 Be euermore henceforth,
 In n blest mindes preserved:
 O Diamonds most pure,
 A tombe let Angels frame:
 And there engraue her name,
 For euermore endure,
 T eternly reserved,*

Tempus non sermo de l'eterno oblio.

FINIS.



To the honorable, ver-
 suous, and excellent : Mistresse
Mary Thinne.



Orthy of all the titles of ho-
 nor, & nature, vertue, wise-
 dome and worth, may be-
 stow on their worthiest, &
 most fauoured possessors:
 hauing late'y extracted the
 memory of *Ottavia* out of the ashes of ob-
 lition: my thoughts continuing (perhaps
 longer then was fitte) the current of that
 streame, haue made some idle houres con-
 uert themselues into the mistie Epistles
 betweene the vertuous *Ottavia* and the li-
 centious *Antony*, wherein although my
 slender skill, hath no way bin answerable
 to the height of your noble conceipt, that
 the sight of them mought breed you the
 least content: yet since they are done (pre-
 suming vpon your accustomed Clemency)
 I humbly submit them to your fauourable
 censure. If you therefore who are the mo-
 ther

The Dedicat.

ther, or (vnder your correction, to say better, the murtherer) if concealing may be called a murther,) of such excellent, & vertuous knowledges and perfections, as are able to register a vulgar minde in the famous routes of neuer-ending eternity, will allow the meane and humble conceiptes of others: your honor shalbe aduanced to the highest pitch of their possibility. If you will esteeme the small portion of iudgement in other men, the excellency whereof you will not acknowledge in your selfe: theyr industry shall neuer cease, to wing your fame, till it haue towred beyond the reach of death, and obliuion. Accept therefore I beseech you the memorials of this vertuous Empresse: that your worthines may increase these worthlesse lynes; these lynes record her memory, her memory aduance your glory; your glory purchase all wished felicitie, and your high felicities, euer encrease till time giue place vnto eternity.

Humbly yours,
S. B.



The Argument.



*C*laudia seeing the long stay of her husband Marke Antony with Cleopatra the Ægyptian queene: And finding by often tryall, that nothing mought preuaile to recall his obstinate minde from her unlawfull loue: Intended a voyage to visite him her selfe in person. But in the way she receiued letters from him, requiring her not to approach or come neere him, but to make her stay at Athens (where she was at that time) for that he meant without longer delay there to come vnto her. She expecting his promise (as at all other times) in vaine: and finding her selfe frustrate of all hope to attaine her desire: writeth vnto him (as it may be supposed) to this effect.

Octavia to Antonius.

Now when these lines mine owne desire Lead
Shall first approach thy sight.

(These lines which sorrow, feare and loue
Compel'd my hand to write)

First but behold the writers name,

Which doth thine eyes awake,

(Her name as full of constant truth.

As thou of false decyp)

And see if any memory,

Of her doe yet remaine,

If not, reject it from thine eyes,

To read it were but vaine.

From thence (if shame will thee permit)

Proceed vnto the rest:

It is not much to view my deed,

Tough thou doe me detest.

When true relation were to me

Thou might call it true:

Of thy most odious faithlesse,

First came vnto my view:

Turne as a man with sodaine stroke.

Of thunders mighty force,

Which for a time both life and sense,

From body doth disree,

Perest of motion, stands amaz'd

With terror of the blow;

And though alive, yet cannot feel

Octavia.

Where he the last time

So stand I tenderly appall'd,

With sorrow in me thine.

Worthily now alas, thou wilt finde,

Doth my destruction bring.

How faine I would not haue beleeu'd,

That thou shouldst faile to be:

How faine I would haue made my selfe,

A lyar false for thee.

But thou art gone, fled and forsworne.

And againe may thee recall

Thou hast it done and tak't it done,

What can poore me befall.

O deep dissembling faithlesse man,

Thou dost me thus beguile

S'dst thou not of her thou lov'dst once,

To beare the with a while.

Wast it for this thou shedst those teares,

O Cruelle vaine.

When lastly thou didst part from me,

With shew of constant amitie

Did not those shew thy eyes assure

A neuer changing love

Did not that perur'd lip tongue,

Thou wast so apt to

Did not those shoulders adorne, embrace

This body now depts it

And that dissembling heart relent,

With too much love (as thou say'st)

O deare Octavia (didst thou say)

W.

L.

G.

Though

Ottavia.

Though we must parted be
But for a time, yet that small time
Seemes thousand yeere to me.
When I from thee shalbe remou'd,
From all ioyes I shall part:
Yet farthest when I am remou'd,
With thee shall rest my heart.
Then sweet take thou no care for me,
But sighes and teares neglect:
And shortly if the heauen permit,
My fate returne expect.
Heere would I haue repliedaine,
When quiet me tongue and stay:
And all my words shoul'd to teares,
Whiles thou didst part away.
Shall I expect him that intends,
To see me neuer, then?
O deep deceit! O fraude! O guile!
O vaine dissembling men!
What honor, worth, or honesty,
In him what piety were,
That being mine without remorse,
Could these abuses heare?
But thou thy selfe, my Lord, to be
The agent of my paine:
O how can words but make thee know,
The griefe that I sustaine?
The golden pillars of thy youth,
Did promise vnto me:
The budding of ensuing age,

Shewes

Ottavia.

Should better furnish be.
How mought I but conceiue, what cause
Mought thee heereto compel:
Vnlesse my selfe haue been the same,
In louing thee too well.
What beauty, pleasure, wealth or wit,
So rare doth *Nilus* breed?
But *Fisher* may therewith compare,
If not the same exceed
Some fond affection hath bewitcht,
Thy princely minde I feare:
O that I could my doubtful thoughts,
From such suspicion cleare.
What is there no more power, or force,
In vertues sacred shield:
But noble mindes must basely fall,
And to affection yeeld?
Or was this sweet care-pleasing word,
But placed on thy tongue?
And neuer planted in thy heart,
Still nam'd with poison stronge.
No such inordinate affectes,
In vertuous mindes haue place:
True noble hearts can not endure,
So mighty a disgrace.
He is no prince that subiect is,
And subiect vnto sinne:
But slave-borne witches they are call'd,
Which do delight therein.
Vaine, foolish, blinde, vnpure,

G 2

Dishonest

Othmia,

Disshonest, idle mindes,
 Vnlawfull love, to vile desires,
 With fond affection bindes.
 This is the hand, which doth the raynes
 Of modesty vndoe:
 And nothing is so base or vile,
 Which it perswades not to.
 The merrell toe of reasons good,
 Th'insurer of deceits:
 The plague infects of the minde,
 The deadly poysoned hayre,
 The furious tempest-breathing breath,
 To eury quiet minde:
 The map of mischiefe, where the world
 Nau, for els but griefe can finde,
 The noble *Scipio*, whom the world
 So highly doth admire:
 Could not be conquered by this foe,
 And honored was therefore.
 To greater shame, to him that should
 Correct anothers misle:
 To merite well deserued blame,
 Then to him that subject is,
 Tis greater glory to defend,
 Or sculues from errours great:
 Then by supplanting other men,
 To gaine a Princely seate.
 Then suffer not thy selfe aloue,
 To be entomb'd in shame:
 Remember how thy former deeds,

Deserue

Othmia,

Deserue immortall fame:
 Procure not to thy golden day
 Of life, an evening darknes.
 Within the haven of repose,
 Drowne not thy conyng batke.
 Though this licentious life of thine,
 Sweet pleasures seeme to bring:
 A bitter sweet thou shalt it finde,
 Which flowes from such a spring.
 But *Egyptus* forde toke, perhaps
 Thy greedy thoughts doth hold:
 Allured with th'abundant store,
 Of minde bewitching gold.
 If vertue, honor and renowne,
 Be of a smaller price:
 Then misers soules which thou esteem'st,
 Thou maist as well despise.
 But if more worth remaine in them,
 Then thou couldest not see:
 Then *Achilles* thou art not him.
 Iooke thee far to be,
 O basest minde that euer liued,
 And bare so braue a name:
 To fly the silver streames of worth,
 And baste in filthy shame.
 O that thou couldest so leaue thy selfe
 A while that thou mought'st finde:
 How hatefully the world doth scerne,
 The basenes of thy minde.
 How faine I would not now beleuee,

G 2

That

Othman.

That thou so obiect art
To sell thy selfe for store of earth,
Which can no worth impart.
The basest thought that any minde
Vpon the earth may haue:
Is steruilly to make it selfe,
To any thing a floue.
And by how much the thing more vile,
Which doth our liking moue:
By so much more, now obiect he,
Which therewith is in loue.
Then haste on the creeping minde aduize,
Since this is thy delight:
I blame thee not though thou do blith,
At noble honors sight.
Had *Iulius Caesar* loued gold,
More then a noble name:
He neuer had been royalliz'd,
By such immortal fame.
The *Macedonian* monarke, whom
Eternity shall praise
Discaint'd that ay golden steps,
His glorious name should raise.
But *Alyxas* pursues? mellest shame,
By being as thou art:
And *Cressus* for his store of gold,
Had store of bitter smart.
The gods for this doe plague vs men,
We men each other hate:
From hence, as from a fountaine spring,

Strife.

Othman.

Strife, murders, and debate.
O sencelesse minde of foolish man,
Which sees not what it hath:
But wanting in excessiue store,
Continues errors path.
Then shalt not need such store of wealth,
Thy wastage for to pay:
When thy offending soule to hell,
Olde *Charon* shall conuay.
O seeke thy wealth in vertues mines,
If thou true ioyes wilt finde:
All other things vnsoustant are,
And lighter then the winde.
But wanton lust procures thy fall,
And workes my world of woe:
An enemy of honest mindes,
Rare vertues common foe.
What plague infernall worse then this,
Whose paysoned haite doth gaine:
Both to the body and the soule,
An euermolting paine.
What multitudes of foules are lost?
What Cities ouerthrowne?
What Kingdomes by licentious lust,
With ruine ouergrowne?
Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare
The effect of hartsfull lust:
Or that which once was called *Troy*,
Now nothing els but dust.
And had not women had the wit,

The

O. Iulius.

The danger to repell;
 The *Andros* sword had made a feel,
 The sinist' th'rust too wel.
 O let the blessing memories,
 Of many a blisful, Be
 Be dreadfull motives to thy mende,
 To leane this wicked race.
 How canst thou reasure others muck,
 And yet not see thine owne.
 Canst thou rejoyce at others toyes,
 And see it felle me throwne?
 O since the cause of this elect,
 Is so exceeding ill:
 The horrout of the thing it felle,
 With terrour mought thee fill.
 Who looser with the like offence,
 His body hath defild:
 O vertues dearest ornaments,
 His soule was first despoild.
 O honor, worth and fortitude,
 He lost the sacred name.
 And live a coward did subiect
 Himselfe to sinne and shame.
 He dayes, and nights, hath wholly spent
 In brooke comes and play:
 By folly, and by negligence,
 Hath wrought his whole decay.
 O els what continuall lumes,
 He haply did conne?
 Fate flourishies, and luxury,

Which

O. Iulius.

Which worke the same effect,
 O tly inordinate delights,
 Each pleasure hath his paine:
 And he that staines is with sinne,
 Cannot be cleane againe.
 Let *Deniz*, torne vntombed corpe,
 Sufficiently declare,
 How this same loathsome vice doth make
 Our best attendants rare.
 Dost thou not know, the sage teach,
 A man should neuer doe:
 The thing that wicked is and vile,
 Nor yet consent thereto?
 Though warely he did foresee,
 It mought escape the light:
 And be most secretly conceald,
 And hid from all mens sight?
 How far thou art (which shouldst excell)
 From being excellent:
 Do but behold and view thy selfe,
 By this then president.
 Who publicly hast sold thy selfe
 Vnto eternall shame:
 And like a kencelesse blinded man,
 Perseuer'st in the same.
 Or haue some other pleasures strange,
 Estrang'd thy minde from me?
 For (as men say) in that same court,
 Great store of pleasures be,
 We want not heere our true delights,

But

Oetania.

But if we had lesse store,
Of wanton sports: thou oughtest not
To shame thy selfe therefore.
Our pleasures heere, may satisfie
And please each vertuous minde:
And he no sparke of vertue hath,
Which other seekes to finde.
Alluring pleasure, flaine of life,
Sower mischiefs sweetest roote:
By it all noble thoughts and deeds,
Are troden vnder foote,
A minde corrupting monster vile,
A mal-seducing guest,
Nurse of repentance, paine, and greefe,
Depriver of sweete rest;
Prince-haunting fiend, sweete poysoned bayte,
False theefe of happy blisse;
Who seemes a guide to hoped ioyes,
But leades vs still amisse.
Do but recount with wisdoms eyes,
Those pleasures which are past,
And see what pleasure, profit, gaine,
They yeeld thee now at last.
So when thy ill spent granted time,
His course hath fully runne:
Then shalt thou finde thy pleasures fled,
Hopes vaine, thy selfe undone.
Learne to take pleasure in such things,
Whence true ioyes may arise:
Thou canst not do more like a prince,

Then

Oetania.

Then vaine things to despise,
Bring not thy selfe, thy house, thy queene,
Vnto eternall shame:
In being much more then thy selfe.
And farre lesse then thy name,
Let no delight, make thee forget,
What best befits thy state:
He is no Prince, which his affects
Cannot predominate,
VWho for his pleasure poyson drinks,
Though mixt with things most sweete:
Should haue a name by my consent,
For such a man more meete.
Or doost thou heere dislike perhaps,
That *Delia* beares such swaye:
And sacred vertues holy rights,
Haue made thee flye away.
Is chastitie so loathsome then
Vnto a wanton eare:
That beautie is no beautie, where
Such chaste desires appeare?
Can loosefensse, which the wise dispraise,
So please a noble minde:
That true nobility contemnd,
Sole pleasures there they finde?
Then must I needs dispicse indeed,
And know not what to say:
For why the swine do most delight,
The most defiled pray.
The siluer fish, by nature doe

The

Ottavia.

The purest streames delight:
 The stately Faulcon, amidst the cloudes,
 Directs hir towring flight.
 The Eagles seldom sit in dales,
 But perch on highest hills;
 And every thing delights his like,
 And natures course follows.
 But thou lesse constant then all these,
 Though faine more base then they:
 Instead of Christall streames, dost loue
 In puddles vile to play.
 Thou borne by nature to aduance
 Thy thoughts to honors height;
 Dost carelesly sloop vnto shame,
 And fall with thine owne waight.
 Then neuer thinke, I thinke it strange
 That thou art fled from mee:
 The heauens forbid my lowest thoughts,
 Should sympathize with thee.
 But heerein thou art wise indeed,
 To hide thy selfe away:
 And such as neuer haue thee knowne
 By falsehood to betray.
 For why assure thy selfe, all those
 That do thy basenesse know:
 Thy faithlesse, and perjurie,
 Do much detest thee now,
 The heauens will sharply punish sinne,
 And flye where so thou can:
 Though for a time they do defende,

They'l

Ottavia.

They'l plague the perjur'd man,
 Then view thy selfe in glasse of truth,
 And be not thus abus'd:
 No honor euer crown'd the man,
 That honestly refus'd.
 The nobler is the birth and place,
 From whence thine honor came:
 The more notorious is thy fault,
 If thou debase the same.
 No, us hir wit hath thee bewitcht,
 Hir sweet delighting tongue:
 Which doth enchain thy wondring mind,
 And makes thee stay this long.
 This wit, indeed, were something worth,
 Were wisdom ioynd thereto:
 Yet not so much, that it should serue
 So many to vndoe.
 The earth hath not a thing so rare,
 Which wisdom would not flye:
 Yet rather hate and much detest,
 Then purchase shame thereby.
 Who can so loue a sporting wit,
 That it procure his fall:
 His kindness may be ludged great,
 But sure his wit is small.
 Then let vs loue base *Caroline*,
 For wit and noble bloud:
 No, loathe him rather, for his wit
 Knew neuer what was good.
 And let vs *Carra* likewise praise,

For

Octavia.

For he was witty sure,
But wicked too, and therefore *Rome*
Could not his wit endure.
The more a man excels in wit,
And ill employes the same:
The more do all men him detest,
That loue a vertuous name.
Though sweetly did the *Syren* sing,
Yet who to them gaue care?
Their message to th' *Ionian* deepes,
He presently did beare.
Or is it beauty, that doth set
Thy heart so much on fire:
And captivate thy senses so,
That thou canst not retire?
The rarest beauty of the face,
Cannot enforce the wise:
With paine to purchase liuing shame,
And better things despise.
Nor are the fairest alwayes found,
The best, (as I suppose)
Some noysome flowers, do seeme as faire,
As doth the fragrant Rose.
That wonder breeding beauty sure,
Which thou dost so esteeme:
Shall come to nothing at the last,
As first it was I deeme.
The Rose and Lyllie cannot long
Content and please the sight:
No goulden day could euerscape,

The

Octavia.

The darke ensuing night.
Proude time will burie beauties youth,
In furrowes of decaye:
Wert thou ten thousand times a prince,
Thou canst not force it stay.
All these fond pleasures (if fond things
Deserue so good a name)
Should not seduce a noble minde,
To staine it selfe with shame.
The time shall come, when all these same,
Which seeme so rich with ioy:
Like tyrants shall torment thy minde,
And vex thee with annoy.
When all those honye-tongued mates,
Can but weepe and lament:
That they be force, must part from thee,
Whose vital course is spent.
When all thy greatnesse must be left,
To such as shall succeed:
When sweetest pleasures memory,
Most dreadfull thoughts shall breede;
When this so much desired Sunne,
Shall but displease thy sight;
And all things else shall seeme to want,
The taste of sweete delight.
When all the creatures of the earth,
Cannot procure thine ease:
And friends, with showres of vaine-shed teares,
Cannot thy greefe appease.
When tyrannizing paine, shall stop

The

Ottavia.

The passage of thy breath
And thee compell to sweare thy selfe,
True servant vnto death.
Then shall one vertuous dead impart
More pleasure to thy minde:
Then all the pleasures that on earth,
And sweet thoughts can finde.
The well spent time of one short day,
One hower, one moment then:
Shall be more sweet, then all the ioyes
Amongst mortall men.
Then shalt thou finde out one refuge,
Which comfort can remaine:
A guiltlesse conscience pure and cleare,
From touch of sinfull staine.
Then shall thine inward eyes, behoulde
The leathsome path of sinne:
And thy proud heart repine in vaine,
That thou hast walkt therein.
Then shall *Ottavias* wrongs appeare,
Like monsters to thine eyes:
And thou shalt curse the time, and day,
That thou dost ore despise.
Then shall my sighes, and teares, enflame
A bonafire in thy minde:
And thou thy selfe, thy teile shalt loathe,
For being thus vnkinde.
At thy right hand, my wronged ghost,
Shall raise complaints renew:
And on thy left, that queene shall shew

What

Ottavia.

What hath been wrought by you
About thy head, thine eyes shall see
The heauens to iustice bent:
Below thy teete, the pit of hell,
Ordain'd for punishment.
Ah poore *Antonia* how wilt thou,
Abhorre thy wretched state:
And most entirely then repent,
But then 't will be too late.
But thou great Emperour dost disdain
Such sharpe rebukes to finde:
For pittie, and pittie both,
Are strangers to thy minde.
Thy braue heroick thoughts do scorne
To stoop to these conceits:
To humble for such high reuolues,
As honors praise awaights.
Then great *Hercules*, worthy prince,
What Trophies may we raise,
To equall these thy great signes
And manifest thy praise?
Who may inough augment thy fame,
To answer thy desert:
Who doost attempt with periury,
To breake a womans heart.
A glory great, a conquest fit,
For such as faithlesse be:
For in thy deeds, the world may view,
The worthe that is in thee
More then a man: thou wouldst be thought,

H

And

Octavia.

And shouldst indeed be so:
But let thy deeds more manly bee,
Or els that name forgoe.
That man which seemes a man in shew,
And is not such a one:
Deserues another name by right,
For he by right is none.
O do not take a womans death,
Can much enleare thy name:
But thinke how this vnmannerly deed,
Will worke thine endlesse shame.
What man, that were a man indeed,
(Much lesse a Prince) would see,
His wife, and Queene, a spectacle,
Of greefe and milerie?
Would to the pittie of the world,
And to all wondring eyes,
My constant louing minde reiect:
And guiltlesse me despise.
Would such vncessant streames of teares,
Draw from these restless springs:
And loade my heart with endlesse greefe,
Which vtter ruine brings.
But hide thy head and all is well,
Thy faults cannot be spied:
No, thou must know the beaueus are iust,
And must their sentence bide.
When all those powers which thou hast wrongd,
Shall punishment require:
How canst thou wretch be halfe enough,

To

Octavia.

To satisfie their ire:
How canst thou euer hope to pay
The losse of thy nuptiall bed:
When powerfull Iustice shall impose,
The just reuenge of this:
Which makes me pittie more thy state,
Then greeue at mine owne wrong:
To thinke how he whom I haue lou'd,
Shall plagued be ere long.
Yet know, though I detest thy fault,
I beare thee no ill will:
For if *Antonius* will returne,
He shall be loued still.

To which shee receiued this answer
following.

Antonius to Octavia.

Amongst the monstrous stormes of woe,
Which do my soule surprize:
Thy dreffull plaints *Octavia*, were
Presented to mine eyes.
O heauens! how crossly haue you set,
Your still repugnant starres,
Which crossly, crosse my tyred life,
With mortall ciuill warres.
I see, and know, that to be true,
Which thou dost heere obiect:
I see thou rightly callest that wrong,
Which I may not correct.

H 2

I haue

Antony.

I finde my selfe engulft in greefe,
Entrapt in mischiefs power:
Yet cannot I auoide the storme,
Though it my life deuoure.
Of force my heart must condescend,
To what thou dost require:
Yet cannot I performe the thing,
Which is thy chiefe desire.
I know the fate, and perfect way,
Which reason saith is best:
Yet willingly I follow that,
Which wisdom liketh least.
What reason will, that same would I,
And wisdom would so too:
But some thing greater then vs all,
Will not consent thereto.
That time, that day, those lookes, those words,
Are yet fresh in my minde:
When my departure mutual greefe,
Vnto vs both assign'd.
Those teares, I yet remember well,
Whiles I did thee embrace:
Those settled silent speaking lookes,
Plac'd in each others face.
My words which true loue did endite,
And faith confirme the same:
(For constant truth did at that time,
Secure my thoughts from blame.)
My heart was free from thought of change,
My minde from false intent:

I scorn'd

Antony.

I scorn'd a false dissembling worde,
And nought but truthe I meant.
But since mine eyes enrich their sight,
With *Cleopatras* face:
My thoughts another object found,
My heart another place.
Which object so allur'd my minde,
With rauishing delight:
That wanting her, I thought each day,
An endlesse tedious night.
My very thoughts fram'd all my wordes,
To *Cleopatras* name:
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,
My fancie from the same:
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deaffe,
My minde did scencelesse proue:
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,
Her face, her name, her loue:
No pleasures could my fancie please,
No mirth it selfe endear:
Wherein th' Idea of her face,
Did not to me appeare.
What reasons left I vnapprou'd,
What counsailes force I to breake
The sweete captiuing band of loue,
But all I found too weake.
He is deceiu'd, that thinks to finde,
A countermine in loue:
And woe is me, that speaking this,
I speake but what I proue.

H 3

Thus

Antony.

Thus I my selfe the agent made,
And traitor of my blinde:
Can neuer hope to contradict,
Or to encounter this.
But though my yeeding heart as thee,
Thy true loue did detaine:
That deed of mine, a greater power,
By force reuokes againe.
And those truth-telling sages teach,
That euery motion finall
Is by a greater ouercome;
Or hindred therewithall.
When, though reason, reason be,
Yet must it condescend:
And yeeld to thw, against whose force
It cannot vs defend:
And neuer me to sharply blame,
As actor of this ill:
Tis not *Antony*, but the heauens,
Which do withstand thy will.
And what the heauens do force vs to,
We may not disobay:
When their decrees are once enrould,
O who may then say nay?
These morning stars which we be-hould,
Our mindes do rule and guide:
An I looke what course they set vs in,
Therein must we abide.
This sparke of reason is not ours,
But lent vs from aboue.

The

Antony.

The Gods do giue and take the same,
They make vs loathe and loue.
Then deare, why shouldst thou so vpbraide -
And sharply reprehend:
Thy *Antony*: for such a fault
As he may not amend.
If in my heart I did thee hate,
Then were I worthy blame:
But I haue euer lou'd thee well;
Who well deseruedst the same.
And though I cannot thee afford,
The dearest of my heart:
Yet needst thou not thus to complaine,
Who hast so large a part.
No day, no night, their posting course,
So speedily could frame:
But they beheld, my thoughts, returne
Due homage to thy name.
When bloody terror, danger, death,
Vpon me did lay houlde:
Thy memory reuiu'd my minde,
And made my courage bolde.
No not a thousand herce assaults,
And perils many moe:
Could euer force my louing heart,
Octavia to forgoe.
But tyrant loue, me from my selfe,
And from my Queene doth steale:
And pardon me though I perhaps,
Too great a fault reuale.

H 4

And

Antony.

And pardon needs I must obtaine,
 If this so much offend:
 For heere my loue did first begin,
 And heere my life must end,
 Heere will I shew, I neither am
 Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:
 For *Cleopatra* whilst I live,
 Shall me most constant make.
 Why am I call'd an *Emperour*,
 If I should subiect be:
 And be compeld to leave the thing,
 Which most delighteth me?
 No deare *Octavia*, thy request
 Can neuer be fulfilld:
 Let Gods be Gods, and Kings be Kings,
 For none but cowards yeeld.
 Were she as *Berber*, when she lodg'd
 Her vnknowne greatest guest:
 Were she a Lyon, Lybber, Wolfe,
 Or some worse sauadge beast;
 Were she a furie, or what else,
 Whose presence glads my heart,
 And to my rauisht captiue soule,
 Such sweetness doth impart;
 I would exceede *romans* simple gifts,
 And giue the machine round,
 And all the treasures, wealth, and store,
 Which therein may be found.
 I would from parents, children, friends,
 My dearest thoughts remoue,

Surrender

Antony.

Surrender scepter, kingdome, crowne,
 For to enioy my loue.
 And by my bounty, truth and zeale,
 The cring world should see:
 No base, or seruile, scorned thought,
 Had euer place in me.
 I would disdain a monark should,
 But equall my desire:
 My constant faith should farre exceed,
 The height of all aspire.
 They do but blow the coales of hate;
 Which my designs improue:
 If euer fault may pardon get,
 O pardon faulty loue.
 I grant, I were a monster vile,
 Vnworthy of my life:
 If I should hate, or thee disdain,
 Who wast my spouse and wife.
 But *Cleopatras* deare loue,
 In me doth beare such sway:
 That I enuy or malise none,
 So I may her enioy.
 And say not, tis a shamefull thing
 To loue a stranger so:
 For loue I must, and loue I will,
 Though all the world say no.
 The gods I hope wil not be mou'd,
 Such sharp reuenge to take:
 On those which ere, but in such faults,
 As they themselves did make.

Were

Antony.

Were it dishonor to be kinde,
To those we best esteeme:
Great *Loue* himselfe could not be free,
From such disgrace (I deeme).
That monster quelling *Centurions*,
Should haue been called base
When his victorious conquering arme,
Did *Omphale* embrace.
No, I dislaine the brauest minde
That drawes this vitall breath,
Should thinke me base, who haue contemn'd
The very face of death.
Tis rather base, to be compel'd
To that we fancy least:
O why am I a Prince, if not
To doe aslikes me best?
Suppose within my setled minde,
There could be such a thought:
That to consent to thy request,
I haply might be brought.
Would not the Princeesse of my soule,
My *Cleopatra*, pay
The largest tribute of her life,
Her *Antony* to stay?
Are not her words, her sighes, her teares,
Most precious to my heart?
Doth not her face, her tongue, her wit,
My soules delight impart?
How then can I (vnhappy man)
My selfe so well dispose:

As

Antony.

As mought content and please you both,
Who both your selues oppose.
No *Hercules* can this performe,
No *Sphinx* this doubt excluder
Yet thus I fully am resolu'd,
And thus I doe conclude,
The knot which cannot be vndone,
In sunder thus I strike:
Heere will I liue, heere will I bide,
And loue you both alike.
Let *Caesar* fight, *Octavia* frowne,
Let children waile and weep:
Thus I resolve, and thus I vow,
Which vow ile firmly keep.
And if your mallice, and perhaps
My fortune, doe procure:
That all my words and deeds, the worst
Construction must endure:
My constant truth, and minde resolu'd,
That worst must needs abide:
For why from this well groundd loue,
My heart shall neuer slide.
Thou' all things truly seest indeed,
But neuer spyest the wound:
By which my sweet affecting thoughts,
Their endlesse thraldome found.
By which my prayer scornng heart,
Is brought to condescend:
To which that this my chiefe desire,
Mought not too much offend.

Aske,

Antony.

Aske, take, assume all that you list,
Performe your hearts desire:
So that you neither her from me,
Nor me from her require.
While I my *Cleopatra* may,
Betweene these armes enfold:
I enuy not great *Cresus* wealth,
Nor *Midas* store of gold.
But if yneuitable fate,
Her presence should deny:
Though all the world were mine besides,
With penury I dye.
Nor let it seeme so passing strange,
That I cannot be moued:
By thy entreaty to forgoe,
The thing so much beloued.
Through thine owne heart, do but behold
And see how small auail:
Perswasions, reasons, words, and wit,
Affections force to quail.
If none of those can take effect,
To winne thy loue from me:
Why shouldst thou think that from this *Queene*,
I can deuorced be?
Sith wisdom then can neuer shew,
It selfe more wisely iure:
Then to forgoe that thing with ease,
Which paine cannot procure.
Ah, thinke not thus against the streame,
But dry thy teares againe,

For

Antony.

For to perswade me bootles is,
To force me is more vaine.
Though al the world should me withstand
I will not be withheld,
A Prince dislikes to be gaine-said,
But scornes to be compel'd.
And it may be (for who can tel,
What abscence may procure)
That faire *Octauia* neuer could,
So long time chaste endure.
Ah, can I thinke in such excessse,
Of liberty and store,
Of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and what els,
May be desired more.
Amongst so many tedious daies,
And nights, of great disport,
Amongst such braue heroicke Lords,
As to that Court resort,
That thy vnmoued minde, can be
So tyed to *Vestaes* rightes,
But that sometimes it will consent,
To *Venus* sweet delights?
Can that faire face, which in all hearts
Doth high affection moue:
Resist to many strong attempts,
As will assault thy loue?
No, no, they are not alwaies true,
Which doe most truly speake:
If it were so, how then am I,
More then a woman weake?

And

Antony.

And yet my conscience doth dissent,
And plainly this deny:
And yet suspicion doth maintaine,
It cannot be a lye.
O how can he be ever brought,
To thinke another true:
Who through the guilt of his owne minde,
The others life doth view?
And should I then returne to *Rome*,
Mine honor thus to soyle?
No, rather let me finde a tombe,
In any foraigne soyle.
And since thou knowest (O too too well,
Antony high disgrace:
He must provide of all the world,
Not to beholde thy face.
Thy face the lecture of his misse,
The mirrour of his shame:
The euer wounding rod, and spur
Of my eclipsed fame.
The disproportion of our thoughts,
Could neuer well agree:
Thou still shouldst hate my faithlesnesse,
I blush thy truth to see.
A fault doth neuer with remorse,
Our mindes so deeply moue:
As when another guiltlesse life,
Our error doth reprove.
But be it, that from all those doubtres,
I could my minde set free:

Yet

Antony.

Yet whiles ambitious *Cesar* liues,
I may not come to thee.
Let all the world perswasions vse,
And their best counsell giue:
For me, I r_____ will be drawne,
In dangers mouth to liue.
I cannot brooke, another should,
Be mightier then I:
An equall in th' imperiall seate,
My heart doth much enuy.
And who so simple, that will looke
For faith or truth in those:
Whose faithlesnes may hap to gaine,
Whose truth a crowne must loose.
There is no truth in such, whose hearts,
An Empire doe affect:
Competitors may talke of truth,
But doe all truth neglect.
And be it, that we could agree
Which hath been seldome knowne:
Yet still in time, from priuate grudge,
Such quarrels great haue growne.
Such bloudy deeds, such strife, debate,
Such outrage, murther, death:
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd
But vaine dissembling breath.
No nature, reason, counsell, wit,
Ambition can constraine,
To hold vniolable truth:
Or conscience to detain.

p

Antony.

Pale feare, mistrust, ynlook'd for chance,
And fortunes dyreful frownes:
Most deep suspect, and swift reuenge,
Attendant are on crownes.
Not that I dread or stand in feare,
What *Cesar* can procure,
But that this absence better mought,
My safety assure.
And it may hap (for none can tel)
In time what may be wrought:
Since vnexpected chace, my loue
To *Cleopatra* brought.
So happy time, so good an hower,
For thee may hap to fall:
Which may my loue and fancy, backe
From her againe recall.
In hope whereof, *Octavius* must
Her sighes and teares suppress:
Vntill *Antonius* finde the meanes,
These enours to redresse.

FINIS.

Errata.

- Act. 2. pag. 3. line 8. for highest read highnes.*
Act. 2. pag. 22. line 8. for frowardnes read forwardnes.
Act. 5. pag. 4. line 1. for ascribe read assigne.
Epist. 1. pag. 1. line 16. for Tough read Though.

FR Brandon, Samuel
2439 The virtuous Octavia
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